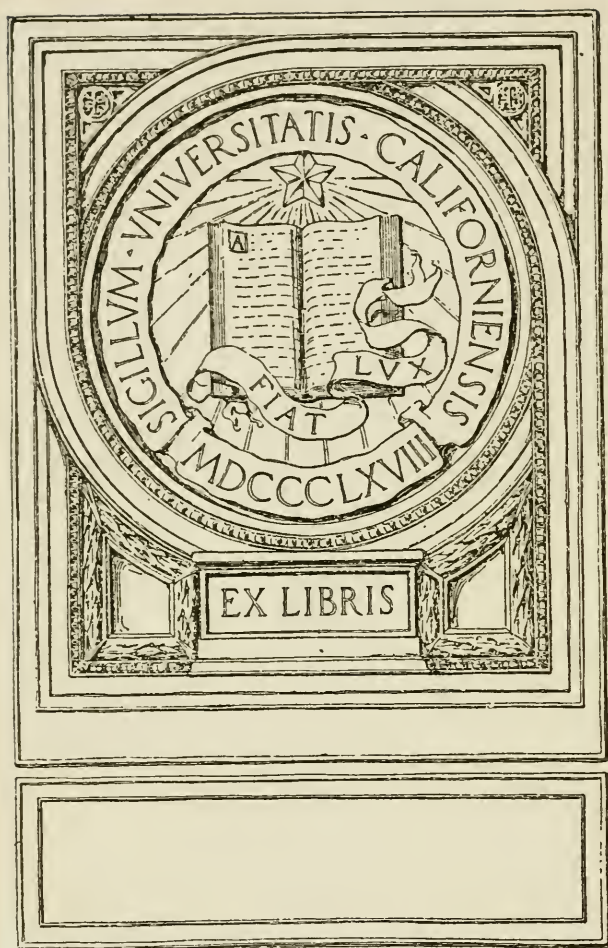


GREAT MEN AND GREAT DAYS

STEPHANE LAUZANNE





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GREAT MEN AND GREAT DAYS *By* STEPHANE LAUZANNE

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FOREWORD

THE journalist's ancestor is Diogenes. For the journalist goes through life, lantern in hand, seeking out a great man. He believes that he will find great men more easily by taking up his post on the steps of the Hall of Fame than by crouching in his tub. So he wanders ceaselessly about the temple at the hours of ceremony, contemplating the illustrious personages who crowd thither in great throngs, striving to single out in the noble mob a man whose stature is greater or whose character is finer than the rest. Often the journalist thinks he sees a great man and seizes his pen to describe him. Often the journalist is wrong; but at least he leaves behind him portraits in the making of which he has put all his good faith.

For with all his faults the journalist has one virtue the politician has not—he is sincere. If he is not always exempt from human passions in his judgment of men and affairs, he is, on the other hand, almost always exempt

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INTRODUCTION

There will be many and eager readers of these vivid pages from the skillful pen of M. Stephane Lauzanne, who has securely established his position as a most effective liaison officer between the life of America and that of France.

M. Lauzanne writes of what he knows and of what he has seen. His descriptions of men and events are fascinating in their vividness and in their direct simplicity. The reader seems to stand for the moment face to face with M. Delcassé, with Marshal Joffre, with President Poincaré, with President Wilson, with Mr. Lloyd George, and with President Millerand. He feels himself actually present at the historical conference at Doullens and to be listening with intent impatience to every spoken word. The attentive reader of M. Lauzanne's pages will greatly increase his knowledge of the men who won the Great War, and he will gain a new and more com-

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plete understanding of the working of the French official mind.

The distinctions of race, of language and of nationality are subtle and puzzling at best. They become of massive importance when men of different race, of different language and of different nationality find themselves in intimate association and coöperation for the protection of an ideal which they hold in common. Speaking technically, it would seem that Germany and her allies should have won the Great War before the peoples opposing her were able to offer victorious or even effective resistance to her attack. The reason why Germany and her allies did not win the War was that the massive weight of what Bismarck in a notable phrase called the "imponderables," was against her. These imponderables consisted of many things, but chiefly of the spirit and the soul of France, of the grim determination of Great Britain, and of the eager impetuosity, when once unloosed, of the United States. Those governments which are moved in future to plan or even to contemplate international war, will at least stop long enough to consider the importance of those things which may not be

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measured in tons or counted in numbers. The world of the Twentieth Century may not be in the full sense of the word a spiritual world, but it has none the less proved that it possesses a spirit that is yet unconquerable by mere brute force however highly organized or however skillfully directed.

M. Lauzanne's book may properly be treated by American readers as an introduction to the study of contemporary France. Unfortunately too many among us have but a superficial appreciation of the French people and their matchless place in modern civilization. The barrier of language is responsible for much, but lack of willingness to penetrate beneath a superficial exterior is responsible for even more. On M. Lauzanne's pages the chief figures of contemporary France move as large-souled men guided by high motives and stimulated by deep and sincere patriotism. The love of a Frenchman for France is one of the finest feelings which modern life exhibits. By France the Frenchman means not only his country's soil, not only its physical beauty and its material resources, but also its historic traditions, its great service to civilization, and

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the ideas which have ruled its life for hundreds of years. The patriotism of a Frenchman is a model of its kind. It is not imperialism. It is not militarism. It is not chauvinism. It is real patriotism.

M. Lauzanne says with truth: "The great point for France and for all nations, is that in matters of foreign policy, as well as in everything else, a nation's decisions should be given independently, and not falsified by needs not her own. Foreign intimidation should never influence the national policy and the national questions."

Here speaks the voice of a man who fully realizes that a nation has personality and that the forcible invasion of personality, whether it be that of an individual or of a nation, is an act of immorality. National independence and national self-direction are as necessary to an ordered and advancing civilization as are personal independence and personal self-direction to a state of ordered and advancing liberty.

The great Frenchmen whom M. Lauzanne so graphically portrays for us, are one and all friends of America and of the American spirit. They are each in his own way representative of what is best and most characteristic in the

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France of to-day. The careful reader of these interesting pages will be justified in feeling that he knows France better for having read them.

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IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK

GREAT MEN *AND* GREAT DAYS

CHAPTER I

DELCASSÉ—THE MAN WHO PREPARED VICTORY

Physically a little man, he will fill a prominent place in the Hall of Fame where France loves to place the citizens who serve their Country well. His name is Théophile Delcassé.

On the 29th of June, 1898, M. Delcassé took possession of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, which he was to occupy for seven years. The first thing he did was to move the massive table on which Charles Gravier de Vergennes had signed the famous Treaty of Versailles in 1783. The table had always stood in the middle of the room; M. Delcassé had it moved near a

window so that he could see clearly what he was doing. A squad of well sharpened pencils with fine points were then drawn up in formation beside a paper pad which much writing, traced out in a minute penmanship, was soon to fill. Then in the most tranquil voice in the world, M. Delcassé remarked casually to his first visitor, who happened to be M. Victor Bérard:

“Now I am going to get to work. The first thing I am going to do is to straighten out all our differences with England.”

The little man had to have a heart that was as solid as oak and an unparalleled confidence in himself to speak that way. Practically everywhere in the world,—in Egypt, in Siam, in Newfoundland, in Morocco, and in Persia,—France and England were at swords’ points. They were fighting each other and injuring each other at every point on the globe’s surface.

Ten weeks did not pass before a conflict of interests, sharper than any of the others, threatened to throw them at each other’s

throats. At the famous table, now well lighted from the huge window near which he had placed it, M. Delcassé read the official dispatch announcing Captain Marchand's arrival at Fashoda and his hoisting the Tricolor there. And he also read the comments this event had stirred out of the length and breadth of England. Just when the English were rejoicing at their victory over the Mahdi, Marchand's arriving at Fashoda before their expedition established priority for the French claim to the Sudan. It was as if England had been lashed across the face with a horsewhip. *The Times* published an editorial presenting the situation, of which these words are a paraphrase:

Suppose that the French had undertaken a difficult war with an enemy as formidable as the Mahdi, and suppose that, at the very moment when victory crowned their efforts, nine English explorers thrust themselves across the path of the conquering army and claimed a part of the triumph. . . . What would France think of such a claim? If we based a claim

on our nine explorers would she not base her claim on the heroism of her army?

M. Delcassé needed a heart as sturdy as oak and an unparalleled degree of confidence in himself to speak at that time of adjusting the differences which separated England and France. But he had that sort of heart and self-confidence. One by one he took the sharpened pencils in his hand and wrote the sad order recalling Captain Marchand, followed it by the first moves toward a *rapprochement* with England, and finally he penned the great sentences of what was to be the new French foreign policy. The pencils traced these notable words, which he himself was to speak from the Tribune on the 20th of January, 1899, veritable prophecies of facts recent history has established:

“Changes profound in their meaning are taking place from one end of the world to the other, and France must not be weakened by them. Therefore we must have a policy which distinguishes between our national interests in

their relative importance; which, in the regiment of particular questions, never forgets our special aims; which does not waste our strength or our forces, taking into consideration the fact that a country—like the human body—is only healthy when its heart can pump a generous supply of blood in mighty jets to its utmost extremities.”

I am not writing M. Delcassé's biography, so I shall not speak of the numerous treaties he concluded, which formed the keystone of the arch on which France rested at the beginning of the twentieth century—a treaty with England, a treaty with Spain, a treaty with Italy. All that belongs to History, who is the final judge in the court of last resort. But, because one of them is unknown, and because the other is misunderstood, I should like to relate the two incidents which mark the beginning and the end of M. Delcassé's seven years of office. The ignorance of democracies about the most weighty acts of history is a mighty and disturbing thing. The things that don't matter, which could remain secret, are always di-

vulged; the events which carry in their wake the destinies of the nation always remain secret—an astonishing way to teach people to govern themselves!

[The first event took place on the 29th of October, 1899. Remember that date. On that day France chose her course and fixed the path of her destiny, and no investigator has so far pointed out its tragic importance.

| For five weeks England had been engaged in her terrible expedition to the Transvaal, and she had met with bloody reverses. At Elandslaagte and at Glencoe her troops had been wiped out; they were besieged and hemmed in at Mafeking and at Ladysmith. The United Kingdom was bending her every effort towards South Africa, and all her transports dotted the near-by seas.

┐ And then one afternoon a dispatch weighty with import came to the Quai d'Orsay from M. de Noailles, the French Ambassador to Berlin. Our representative communicated to his Minister of Foreign Affairs news of an important conference he had just had at the Wil-

helmstrasse with von Bülow, Chancellor of the German Empire. Von Bülow had said to the French Ambassador:

"I consider that it would be to the interest of our two countries to come to an understanding, and even to conclude a treaty. Nowhere in the world are they opposed to each other, and they can render each other a mutual service. They only have to forget the *Historical Difference*, which until now has kept them apart from one another. The necessity for this agreement arises especially out of the present situation. England is going to engage in the South African war. Is France disposed to allow her to do it?"

The Imperial Chancellor had pointed out to M. de Noailles that the moment was propitious for France to unite her efforts to Germany's in restraining England from new plans of conquest. For a century England had imposed her will upon Europe. Was not the hour then striking to put an end to this state of things?

The same day that de Noailles' dispatch was received at the Quai d'Orsay, M. Delcassé

hastened to the Prime Minister. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, and the two ministers immediately joined the President of the Republic at the Elysée. Then commenced between these three men that long and tragic conference which decided the fate of the French foreign policy. Probably for the first time in history the question was placed brutally, with no two ways of understanding it, before France: "Shall we make an alliance with England or with Germany?"

Waldeck-Rousseau, the Prime Minister, was imbued to the depths of his being with Gambetta's religion of patriotism. It was an absolute physical impossibility for him to accept such propositions as Germany made.

"They ask us," he exclaimed, "to sign the Treaty of Frankfort a second time. France cannot give up the Alsatians."

M. Delcassé resented no less than did Waldeck-Rousseau the insolence and sacrilege in the offer that Germany had made to forget the *Historical Difference*. Every man who has heard him express himself for the last

THÉOPHILE DELCASSÉ

twenty years on this subject remembers the moving notes in his voice which the very idea of ratifying anew the dismemberment of France brings forth from his soul.

"A nation is not dishonored," he has said, "when she is beaten, or when, with an enemy's knife at her throat, she signs a disastrous treaty. But she is dishonored when she ceases to protest, when she gives assent to her ruin. Misfortune is not defeat, but renouncement is."

In this instance another feeling animated the souls of Waldeck-Rousseau and Delcassé. Both felt that a trap was being laid for them; they sensed it; they "smelt a rat," as the saying is, in the German proposals. Mastering their personal feelings, conquering their emotions, they planned to avoid the trap. Even more, so that history might have ample record of the truth of the matter, they wished to underline every superficial, fallacious and grossly deceiving sentence in the proposals Germany made to France to attack the great British nation when its back was turned.

"Probably for the first time," stated M. Delcassé, "France has before her a German proposal which is clothed in a certain brevity and contains a certain amount of decision. France owes an immediate and categorical reply to Germany, for France is in the position of a great lady who, when some one speaks to her, has not the right not to reply. She can reply in any way she pleases, but she must reply."

The President of the Republic agreed with this advice, as did Waldeck-Rousseau. The French reply was drawn up forthwith, written out in M. Delcassé's own hand. It figures in the archives of the Quai d'Orsay. This is the reply:

"I. That the Minister of Foreign Affairs was slightly surprised at the overtures which had been made him, for the evening before the day when M. de Noailles' dispatch had been received he had had the great pleasure of a long conversation with M. von Munster, the German Ambassador to France, and the latter did not say a word to him which could be construed as a warning of such important overtures.

"2. That, since France had asked for nothing, she should not take the initiative in laying down the conditions of which M. von Bülow had spoken; that she was waiting until Germany should formulate the proposals she intended to make, and that these proposals would receive a most careful examination on the part of the French Government, with the single reservation that, in any case, they should not be of such a nature as to disturb the Franco-Russian alliance."

This amounted to saying to Germany, "You want a treaty. You desire a *rapprochement*. How do you understand this treaty? What are you ready to do to obtain this *rapprochement*?"

M. Delcassé's dispatch went off to Berlin on the 30th of October, 1899. On the 31st of October it was communicated officially to von Bülow by M. de Noailles. So far there has been no reply to it.

Von Bülow, who pretended he was greatly pleased when he knew the contents of M. Delcassé's dispatch, must have been very much vexed by it. Without doubt he had counted on

France's enumerating the terms of a possible German Treaty, instead of Germany's suggesting them. That would have permitted Germany to inform England, Italy and Spain immediately of those parts of our proposals at which those nations could take offense. That would have permitted von Bülow to repeat Bismarck's *coup* in the time of Napoleon III, and to render the French Republic an object of suspicion to every other European power.

But the same traps don't always catch the same victims. Fortunately for France, Emile Ollivier was not in power in October, 1899.

The second date I would have you remember is the 8th of June, 1905, the day of Delcassé's fall.

These were the facts of the diplomatic situation. Germany had always declared that she took no interest in Mediterranean questions. Suddenly she launched a thunderbolt when she learned that France and England had drawn up a treaty in 1904 that confined their respective spheres of influence to Morocco and Egypt. The Kaiser journeyed with great

pomp and circumstance to Tangier in order to establish the fact that he did not recognize the Franco-British Treaty. At the same time the German Government demanded that an international conference should meet to discuss the Treaty that had been concluded without Germany. M. Delcassé refused to attend the conference and opposed Germany's demands, but his colleagues in the cabinet—and especially M. Rouvier, who was Prime Minister at the time—did not share his views. It necessarily followed that M. Delcassé, who had been the French Minister of Foreign Affairs for seven years, was dismissed.

I was on the train coming back from Toulon, where I had gone to welcome Charcot home after his return from his marvelous expedition to the South Pole, when I read the Paris newspapers announcing the dismissal of the Minister of Foreign Affairs. I read them and experienced a little of that almost bitter delight one always feels when he touches the depths of weakness that are in the human soul. There was not a man to take up Delcassé's defense!

There was not a man who had even a word of justice for him! The men who had burned incense before his shrine most ardently in the days of his power, who were the most insistent in asking favors of him, were the first to toll M. Delcassé's political death knell. There was even one patriotic newspaper to state that if Germany disliked him it was "because of the weakened attitude this Minister of Foreign Affairs inflicted on his country." Wilhelm II himself might have said, "I shall not allow France to become a second Portugal!"

As soon as I left the railroad station I went straight to the office of the *Matin*, and I wrote the lone article of my journalistic career that I like to think about, because it spoke against an injustice every one was doing. There is no more keen delight for a writer than to fight a good fight alone.

"M. Delcassé," I wrote, "has rendered his country great services, for which perhaps we shall be grateful later on, when some one does not want his job or his scalp. He has signed treaties which, considered from any stand-

point, have changed the political orientation of Europe. In every instance he has represented France with dignity. It is not his fault that a war has broken out at the other end of the world, the result of which no one could foresee. It is not Kuropatkin who has been conquered at Mukden.¹ . . . M. Delcassé has suffered a misfortune, that of annoying and angering the German foreign policy. It is perfectly conceivable that certain people will reproach him for this, for there are citizens of our country who go so far as to say that they would rather be Germans than Frenchmen!"

The evening after this article appeared I found M. Delcassé's card on my desk with "thanks" written on it.

Some days afterwards I went to call on him in his apartment on the Boulevard Clichy. This was probably the second or third time in my life that I had met him. I found him very

¹ The first move of the Kaiser against M. Delcassé took place at the precise moment when the Russian armies, commanded by Kuropatkin, were defeated in Manchuria. This led the French people to believe the Morocco incident was only a pretext and that Germany was really trying to make the most capital possible out of the Russian defeat in her attempt to bully France.

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self-possessed, almost reserved. Not a bitter word came from his lips when I alluded to his present disgrace. He only seemed to show emotion when I spoke of his policy, which threatened to share in his downfall. Then he grew vehement and, with a veritable brush stroke of words, he described this policy for me. When this little man spoke of his Country his voice seemed to come from his soul. His eyes flashed behind his spectacles. He did not make any gestures beyond sometimes raising his index finger towards his face. When he pronounced the word "France" his heart stood on his lips. I still hear him say to me:

"They thought that when they got rid of me they would arrange everything to suit themselves. They liquidated me, the same way a situation on the Stock Exchange that is bad for the money market is liquidated. They will find out by and by that they have been fooled, and that the operation in which they are engaged is one that will have consequences especially nefarious for France.

"They misunderstand the German policy in

a strange manner when they think it will be contented when they have satisfied it in one instance. Germany is not a country that can be appeased by concessions. Stretch out your little finger to her and she grabs your hand, then your arm, then your shoulder—and soon your entire body passes into her grip. It does not do to satisfy Germany's pride—she is not that sort of country. Germany is a country actuated by principles of power and self-interest. The question that is brought up at this time is not a question of certain persons or a question of commercial affairs. It is a greater question than that, a question of France's entire foreign policy and of the very future of France. It is a question of making up our minds whether or not we shall break off the national friendships which we have acquired, in order to become the allies of Germany. That is what they want. That, in brutal frankness, is the point of what they are saying to us, a point all their diplomatic artifices conceal badly. Now I would never have consented to that. A French alliance with Germany means the

ratification by France of her dismemberment and of the loss of her provinces."

I asked him if he was sure that he had not committed some mistake in diplomatic usage, or in having shown himself rude or aggressive. I mentioned to M. Delcassé the thousand and one rumors which every one was repeating, and which, little by little, were becoming crystallized into facts. The gossip was that he had refused the Kaiser's invitation to stop at Berlin on his way to St. Petersburg; that he had inspired a vigorous article by Sansboeuf in the *Matin*, attacking Prince Henry of Prussia; that he had been arrogant toward the official representatives of the German Empire; that he had left Germany in ignorance of the Franco-British treaty of 1904.

"That is all false," came M. Delcassé's vehement denial. "I never had a chance to refuse the Kaiser's invitation, for I never received an invitation from him. Furthermore, I did not pass through Berlin on my way to St. Petersburg, for I traveled there by sea. I did not inspire Sansboeuf's article—you know that

as well as I do—and if you had shown it to me before you published it, I would have begged you not to let it appear. I never failed to be respectful toward the German representatives, and the chief of these representatives, Prince Radolin, said in public a few months ago, ‘My mission is to bring about a *rapprochement* with France, and I am reproached for not doing it fast enough. But I don’t know what to do, for every time I see M. Delcassé he shows himself even more agreeable than I am.’ I did not conceal the Franco-British treaty from Germany. In fact, I concealed it so little that I told Prince Radolin about it on the 24th of March, 1904, before it was signed, and the conversation I then had with the German Ambassador has been set down in writing. All the representatives of France in foreign countries have been informed of it by a document which is in the official archives. No, no, it is all false. The truth of the matter is that they are afraid. The truth of the matter is that they decided to sacrifice me months ago.”

He paused a moment and continued:

“The very evening of my downfall, at the end of the reception I gave in honor of the King of Spain, I accompanied the sovereign to his carriage. He shook hands with me and mentioned several times how much he had enjoyed the reception and the satisfaction it would give him to receive me in Spain. I bowed and thanked him, but I was not unaware at that moment that I would cease to be the French Minister of Foreign Affairs within twenty-four hours, for everything had been arranged, and the minds of my colleagues in the Cabinet were firm on this point. Though I did not hesitate to attend the Cabinet meeting called for the following day at the Elysée, I knew what was going to happen. I knew that I had been condemned before having been heard, and that the meeting would be simply the formality of my execution. I knew that they had done everything to facilitate the operations on which they were about to embark. Moreover, when I attended the council it was not to defend myself personally, for I don't matter at all. I wanted to go and defend my

policy and, especially, I thought it was my patriotic duty to utter a cry of warning and to tell the men who were guiding the course of the Government of France of the dangers to which they were exposing themselves."

To-day we know the history of that long dramatic meeting of the Cabinet. In 1905 I published a faithful account of it. Only two men took part in the discussion—Rouvier and Delcassé. The Minister of Foreign Affairs defended himself vehemently against the charge of having incurred any reproach in the past; he did full justice to all the complaints that were raised against him concerning the Franco-British Treaty. A written document established the fact that M. Delcassé had informed the German Ambassador to Paris of this treaty. And as for the charge that he had not treated Germany on the same basis as England and Spain and Italy in certain matters, did not the previous declarations of Germany herself authorize this, since she had signified categorically, time after time, that she took no interest in Mediterranean affairs?

Were they unaware that, when Germany was asked to intervene in the affairs of Crete in concert with Russia, France and Italy, she had energetically refused, alleging that her interests did not lie in the direction of the Mediterranean?

Then, getting down to the heart of the matter, M. Delcassé exposed his plan of action. He declared that France could not go to the International Conference without diminishing her prestige and without taking the chance of submitting treaties she had signed to discussion by a third power, treaties which had received the delighted ratification of her governing body. He explained that it was fitting to decline in all courtesy, but firmly, the opportunity offered France of going to the International Conference. He cited written documents to prove that England, Spain, Italy, Russia and the United States were also ready to refuse. That is to say, he showed that France had all Europe, and America as well, behind her in her refusal. Finally, he stated that little attention need be paid to the attitude

of the Sultan of Morocco, and that it was merely necessary to call to his attention the fact that France, on account of her situation as a power whose colonies lay near his country, was able to show herself a more sincere and more disinterested friend to him than the power which could inspire him with the greatest fear and annoyance. M. Delcassé pointed out that all the effort of France should be directed to persuading Russia to make peace so that she might have a free hand in Europe, and he explained his reasons for believing that France was about to have the very great honor of presiding over the completion of this peace which all the world desired so heartily. Finally, he revealed to the council the support which a certain nation was ready to give France under certain circumstances. This was not aggressive or offensive support; it was the purely defensive support of England—and no one could doubt the value of her agreement, for it was an agreement she had entered into of her own free will. England was prepared to support France to the very end, whatever

should happen, and, if France should be the object of an unforeseen, improbable attack, England was ready to fight on her side.²

Little by little, as he spoke, M. Delcassé had warmed up to his subject and, no matter how much the rest of the Cabinet Ministers had made up their minds beforehand, they could not prevent themselves from showing emotion at his words. The speaker cited a few events of the past, for around that table, where such an important page in the history of France was being written, sat men who had known Gambetta, who had worked under him. And to them, M. Delcassé spoke, then he addressed with his recollections of the past when he said:

“What you have decided in this hour is not the fate of a man; it is the fate of a policy. It is a question of knowing whether France, thirty years after 1870, is yet her own mistress and can follow the policy which suits her, or

² As a matter of fact England informed the French Government verbally that, in case France should be attacked, she was ready to mobilize her fleet, seize the Kiel Canal, and land 100,000 men in Schleswig-Holstein. The French Government was further advised that, if it wished, this offer would be made in writing.

whether she is reduced to being a dependent and subject state. It is a question of knowing whether France, whose possessions lie near Morocco, who has behind her the assent of England, Spain and Italy, the other neighboring countries, can exercise her peaceful and civilizing influences over this troubled country; or whether France must bow before Germany's interference and commands, when Germany's nearest territory is several thousand miles away from Morocco, and when until fifteen years ago not a single German subject had crossed the Moroccan frontier. If you give way to Germany to-day you will be forced to give way to her to-morrow; you will be forced to give way to her always, and you don't know whether you will always have, as you have to-day, the almost unanimous support of the entire world."

M. Delcassé had finished speaking. Then came the reply to his words, which opened with this unusual charge:

"You have been too successful in the policy you have pursued against Germany. You have

detached Spain from her, you have stirred up England against her and" [the following phrase was pronounced as it is written; the men who heard it will never forget it] "a Franco-British alliance would mean war and defeat. My hand would dry up rather than sign such an alliance." And then came this brutal accusation, "You have debauched Italy."³

At this point M. Delcassé interrupted the Prime Minister—the only time he broke in on the vehement speech against him.

"Pardon me," he said, "I was charged with the foreign policy of France; I was not charged with protecting Germany's foreign relations!" The rest of Rouvier's speech was heard in profound silence. It followed the well-known theme—France could go to the Conference without losing prestige; it was only necessary to obtain certain guarantees in advance; Germany had been stirred up and dis-

³ This accusation implies that M. Delcassé had debauched Italy in leading her sympathies away from the Triple Alliance with Germany and Austria; the fruit of which policy is apparent in Italy's taking the side of the Allies in The War.

quieted uselessly ; it was necessary to talk over and explain matters to her ; nothing would be easier than to dissipate the things she misunderstood.

It was not necessary to take a long time to convince the Cabinet, for the ministers' minds were already made up, and their decision was unchangeable. Delcassé rose and bade farewell to the President of the Republic. He shook hands with most of his colleagues, one of whom said to him :

“Perhaps the future will prove that you were right.”

Then M. Delcassé left the room.

Fifteen years have passed since then and M. Delcassé's words still ring in my ears. Fifteen years have passed since then, and I still see the little man in front of me, seated on the edge of a huge armchair, his gaze intent as he talked. I never understood so well the phrase about there being moments as great as a century.” France had just lived through one of those moments. She had

passed through a bit of her destiny. I see before me Rouvier's massive, disquieting silhouette. M. Delcassé had not mentioned his name once, but it was clear whom he meant when he said, "They thought that *they* would arrange everything—*they* liquidated me, the same way a situation on the Stock Exchange that is bad for the money market is liquidated—*they* had done everything to facilitate the operation in which *they* were engaged." I could hear the Prime Minister strike his chest with his fist and cry to the others of the Cabinet the same things he had said to me, "It is ridiculous to be on bad terms with Germany, and furthermore it is dangerous. . . . Do you know what our present situation is? Germany and France are like two men who live in the same house and who don't speak, who look the other way when they meet on the staircase. Inevitably they must come to blows. When people have got to live together it is much better for them to understand each other; and what things Germany and France

could accomplish if they understood each other!"

Above all I felt in the drama which had just been played that France had not been free to choose her rôle, and that Germany was already bearing down on us. The Beast had his claws poised over our flesh, and his breath was in our nostrils. Suddenly figures surged up from the night, like those strange phantoms one sees coming over the sun on the day of a thunderstorm. One of them was that Prince Henckel of Donnersmark, who was pouring out the profusion of his prose in our newspapers while he was pouring forth the profusion of his person in our restaurants. Another was that banker Bleichroeder, whose comings and goings between Berlin and Paris had never been so frequent. Others were those maroon and gray and green courtiers whose foreheads Léon Daudet had branded with the keenness of a public prosecutor and the precision of a vivisector. Others were all those strange emissaries who ventured into the editorial rooms of the Paris newspapers, bearing guarantees

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of German good faith, of German good intentions. Such a formidable weight never pressed down the soul of our nation.

To-day if I bring up the shame and sadness of these past things I am not doing it merely to establish certain unknown details, but with the purpose of drawing a conclusion from them.

In 1905 was the first general mobilization of all those scattered, sinister, mysterious forces by whose agency the soul of a nation may be disturbed, because they prevent the nation from seeing clearly into itself. Simultaneously all these forces were acting at every point of the national organism. There was disturbance in the financial world because of the action of that German group which held the Bourse in the hollow of its hands. Rouvier was telephoning madly to M. Delcassé, "Look, look, the market is falling." The political world was stirred up by the two most powerful agents that act on the human heart, vanity and ambition. "You who will form the next Government of France," the German, Rosen, was

saying to the French opposition; "you who will be the next President," Prince Radolin was saying to Jean Dupuy. They stirred up the legislative bodies, on which an impression can always be made easily, by saying to the party opposed to Delcassé that their patriotic duty demanded that they should shout loudly in the corridors of the Assembly, and by saying to Delcassé's own party that their patriotic duty demanded that they should be silent during the session. They stirred up the bystanders, the disinterested spectators, by making them believe that in four days' time the troops of the Kaiser would enter Nancy.

All this formed part of a plan arranged in advance, which had to succeed. France must be terrorized, since Germany had not been able to lead her astray by any other means, in order to bring her to this alliance, which was always the brutal dream of the German colossus. Especially was it necessary to frighten and intimidate France, so that she would not have time to collect her thoughts and get herself under control. To-day all that is ancient

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history; all that has been buried under the War and the Victory. But let us guard against that same thing's happening to-morrow.

The judgment we can pass on M. Delcassé amounts to little. History will cast the final ballot; she will say whether it was a great or a little man who created around France that defense of alliances and friendships so solid that, when the thunderbolt of aggression was hurled at her in 1914, France could clothe herself in these alliances as a shield. History will say whether the man served his country well or badly who gave France the Empire of Morocco. History will say whether the man was right or wrong who in 1915 besought France not to spread her forces across Europe, but to concentrate them on the Western Front, where the war would be won. History will say whether or not the man did not lay the road to victory who, on the eve of the battle of the Marne, welded all the allies into a block of granite by the Treaty of London.

The great point for France and for all

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nations is that in matters of foreign policy, as well as in everything else, a nation's decision should be given independently, and not falsified by needs not her own. Foreign intimidation should never influence the national soul and the national conscience.

"May the end be attained," Delcassé wrote me one day, "that the independence of our foreign policy be preserved."

Victorious France and the rest of victorious civilization must attain this end at any price. There is no victory if a nation remains enslaved, no matter who is her master.

CHAPTER II

JOFFRE—THE FATHER OF VICTORY

"This way, sir, General Joffre will see you."

An usher at the offices of the Superior Council of War made me follow him through a long passageway leading into an obscure room, where the future conqueror of the Marne was seated at his desk.

I asked General Joffre to do me a favor. I was going to follow the great maneuvers which, in that year—1912—were to take place in Touraine and I came to obtain some information from him, the director of these maneuvers. General Joffre was glad to tell me what I wanted to know. The expression "on a war scale" cropped up in our conversation. He said to me:

"No, we shall be very far from doing things

on a war scale. . . . The next war will see very few maneuvers. It will not be the Commanding Generals who will win the battles; it will be the Colonels and even the mere Captains. . . . The battles will take place along enormous fronts, from 400 to 500 kilometers in extent, and over a territory so extended that the will of a single man cannot impose itself thereon. There will be no more maneuvers and counter-maneuvers. . . . The rôle of Commander in Chief will be almost finished when he shall have brought the armies which are to play a part there to the point on the battle-front where they are to play these parts. The rôles of the Colonels and Captains will begin as soon as the first shots have been fired. They will decide the fate of the conflict. The troops who conquer will be those who hold out longest; who have the most endurance, the most energy, and the most faith in their final success!"

Joffre told me that in the month of August, 1912, some days before he went to direct the great maneuvers in Touraine, where General

Gallieni gave evidence of those magnificent qualities of coolness and method which later won him world-wide fame. At that very time the words of the future generalissimo were reported in the *Matin*. They stood graven in my memory, and many times during the war I have recited them the way one recites a page of a classic.

And I seemed to be again in the shadows of his office at the Invalides, to stand in the presence of the great chief with his clear blue eyes, to hear his gentle, almost low voice. A man's vision never read more keenly into the future; a voice never spoke a prophecy more forceful in its realization; and never in a nation feverish and stormy in disposition was a voice more calm.

I found General Joffre again two years later at a tragic hour, the hour of the declaration of War. It was about six o'clock in the evening of August 2, 1914. M. Messimy, the Minister of War, had asked me to come to his office in the rue Saint-Dominique on urgent

business. At the appointed hour I entered the office. The Minister wore a gray jacket. He paced rapidly back and forth across the room, a living image of agitation and nervousness. I no longer remember what his communication was. But I remember with a sharp, moving clearness the figure of Joffre, the General in Chief, already clothed in the black dolman, with his red breeches tucked inside great boots—his traditional costume, now matter for present and future legends. He was seated in an armchair, characterized by the same calmness I had noted two years before at the Invalides. M. Messimy rattled on nervously. When he had finished, Joffre's calm voice addressed me:

"This afternoon I sent off my telegram ordering mobilization. But the Germans are mobilizing already. They are twelve hours ahead of us. That is fatal. The man who attacks always has an advantage over the man who is being attacked. However, let's keep cool. It's your job to see to it that the public keeps cool."

I told him that I, myself, was leaving next day to join my regiment, but that there was no doubt that the advice of the Commanding General would be followed to the letter. I added, "General, all France has absolute faith in you."

He leveled his blue eyes on me and his calm, even voice replied, "France must have faith in herself—not in me."

I went away from the Minister of War's office, and often in later years I recalled that second interview with Joffre, in the same way that I recalled his remarkable words of 1912. It helped me to understand Joffre and also to understand what has been called "The Miracle of the Marne." The man had the calmness of genius and he radiated this calmness everywhere about him at the moment when calmness was the cardinal virtue.

He gave forth confidence and calmness in the same way that other men give forth disquiet and agitation. His aide, Colonel Fabry, whose charm equals only his bravery, said to me one day, "When we saw him so calm in

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the dark hours, his mind was at rest, so much the master of his physical and moral equilibrium that we in turn felt absolutely calm and sure of ourselves, and we kept every ounce of our ability intact for thought and action."

M. Millerand has stated that when, on the 2nd of September, 1914, he went to Romilly to interview Joffre at General Headquarters, he found the General bent over his war map "as imperturbably calm as if he was occupied with a game of checkers." And M. Viviani relates that when, while the Germans threatened the very gates of Paris and the French Government had retired to Bordeaux, he telephoned Joffre, the Marshal's calm, peaceful voice came over the wire without a vibration. And there was no trembling in his voice, which invariably replied, "Have faith! Everything is all right. Have faith!"

"It was the very voice of France," says M. Viviani.

And the Marshal preserved his magnificent calm after the tragedy was over. It

was by this quality that, in 1917, Joffre won the heart of America. When Harvard University granted him—and it was a rare tribute—the degree of Doctor of Laws, President Lowell, in accordance with the tradition which holds that the qualities of the man receiving the decree must be stated on the diploma, wrote these magnificent, descriptive words, “Leader whose calm courage and wisdom shone forth like a star in the blackness of the night; whose genius at the Marne turned defeat into victory and saved France and the world.”

Who can ever describe the simple yet sumptuous beauty of Joffre’s visit to America? I recall that glorious April afternoon when the *Lorraine* steamed into Hampton Roads. The cruiser, which had transported M. René Viviani, Marshal Joffre, Admiral Cocheprat and the rest of the French Mission to America, dropped anchor. A motor launch sped toward the *Lorraine* carrying Admiral Mayo, who commanded the entire American Fleet, and the captains of some of those magnificent battle-

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ships in which the United States takes such just pride. The launch heaved to alongside the French cruiser. The Admiral climbed to her deck. Mayo is a splendid figure of a sailor—the pride of the American nation and of his fleet. His every movement gives evidence of his dynamic energy; there is not a faltering note in his short voice, the voice of a man who gives orders that are carried out to the letter.

But when Admiral Mayo entered the salon of the *Lorraine*, a salon on the lower deck, illuminated faintly by a timid half-daylight, and stood in Marshal Joffre's presence, the pride of his splendid bearing melted away from him as abruptly as snow melts in hot sunlight. He bent low his tall body, his eyes were veiled and his voice trembled.

"Then, for the first time in my life, I knew emotion," Admiral Mayo confided to a friend later on.

This emotion expressed itself in a phrase, the magnificent homage of one soldier to another soldier.

"Sir," Admiral Mayo said to the Marshal of

France, "your presence here is the greatest honor that could be rendered my country."

Twelve officers of the American Navy were there. All twelve were presented to the Marshal. And like one man all bowed and repeated a phrase of their chief's:

"Sir, this is the greatest honor of my career."

The Victor of the Marne preserved that simplicity of his which has become further matter for legends. His blue eyes rested sweetly on the homage of this scene, and in that voice that holds the calmness of eternity, he answered, "Mine is all the honor, gentlemen."

And I also recall Marshal Joffre's entry into Washington, down the stretch of Pennsylvania Avenue between the Capitol and White House. The street was bordered on the right and on the left by two ranks of human beings. These two ranks waved handkerchiefs, hats and tiny French flags; they shouted and whistled, welcoming the envoys of France and especially Joffre, as he passed by in his great blue trooper's cloak, his hand on the visor of his

embroidered cap, his clear gaze sweeping all this crowd. Two words dominated the tempest of shouts:

“Joffre! France!!”

Women were there in the latest spring toilettes, workmen with their shirts open at the neck, high officials, negroes, Supreme Court Justices, young officers from the War College. There were representatives of every class and every type. The applause grew and then diminished but it always came back to the two words,

“France! Joffre!”

Children were everywhere, boys and girls whom their teachers had drawn up in close ranks, carrying little French flags. The children stood lined up as if they were on parade, waving their little flags in their tiny hands. Then when the man in the great blue cloak had passed by, they gathered about their teachers. And there on the street, in the midst of the crowd, out on the sidewalk, I overheard a most beautiful and touching lesson. I heard the teachers of Young America, of the America

which was just waking up bubbling with enthusiasm, say to their little pupils:

“Children, you saw the French General with the big white mustache pass by. His name is Joffre. Joffre! Remember that name all your lives. It is the name of the man who saved the civilization of the world!”

The day after his arrival in Washington I went to call on Marshal Joffre. He was staying in Henry White’s superb home, in which I ascended a small staircase leading to a huge room. In strictest confidence I told the Marshal the latest news from Paris which had filtered its way through the meshes of the censor. It was, alas, bad news. The great offensive unrolled by General Nivelle on the Aisne had practically been halted and the first mutinies had broken out.

The old soldier showed no emotion at the stopping of the offensive. But the news of the mutinies produced an astonishing effect on him. Marshal Joffre left his chair and strode up and down the room. Lightning flashed from his blue eyes.

"The scoundrels," I muttered.

Sharply he interrupted me, all Vulcan's thunder rumbling in his voice.

"Not the men in the ranks! The scoundrels are higher up. They are in the Ministry of War. That's where they are working to undermine the discipline of the Army. They go over the heads of the Commander in Chief and make the Generals come to them to receive direct the orders General Headquarters knows nothing about. Everybody except the Commander in Chief is held responsible. No army in the world can hold out under such a régime. It's a crime, do you hear, a crime!"

I marked every word and I decided that for probably the first time in his life his proverbial calm had forsaken Marshal Joffre, the Grandfather of Victory.

CHAPTER III

POINCARÉ—THE PRESIDENT OF VICTORY

I do not want my readers to misunderstand me and think that I consider three men responsible for the allied victory in the War. When years have followed years and men shall have before them the broad background which is necessary for equitable judgment, it will be decided that the men who prepared or made certain the safety of France in 1914 were many in number. One of them will be Barthou, who had the courage to impose the law of three years military service on his country; another will be Deschanel, who, in the hours of anguish, was the eloquent interpreter of the determination of his race; another will be Viviani, who met without flinching the first breath of the War's horrible torment; another will be

Briand, who opposed to the overwhelming flood the firmness of a dike; another will be Foch, whose genius saved everything when everything seemed to be lost; another will be Pétain, who reëstablished the morale of a tired army; another will be Clémenceau, who knew how to make war even if he didn't know how to make peace. All these men were in different degrees the artisans of victory. Above all it will be said that the three million men who for four years crouched in the snow of the bloody trenches and, with unshakable faith in themselves wallowed through the interminable mud of the battlefield, saved the destiny of their Country.

If I insist particularly that three men saved France I do it because they dominated the critical period of our history for some time, as each one of them was in power for seven years. For seven years Delcassé prepared the diplomacy of the war; for almost seven years Joffre directed the military side of the war; for seven years Raymond Poincaré presided over both the military and diplomatic sides of the

war. Thus these three men group themselves one with the other ; and all three of them made victory possible.

M. Raymond Poincaré's great virtue is clearness. He has always seen clearly, thought clearly and spoken clearly.

He saw clearly before he was President and I still hear him saying to me in January, 1912, when he entered the Quai d'Orsay :

“For two weeks I have studied every document concerning the Moroccan Affair day and night. I have one firm conviction as a result of this—that every time we have desired to show ourselves conciliatory toward Germany, she has abused our good will ; and on the other hand every time that we have shown ourselves firm toward her, she has given way. Germany does not understand the language of right and wrong ; she only understands strenuous measures.”

M. Poincaré saw clearly what was happening in Berlin toward the end of 1913 and he had a vision of the approaching war at that time. The dispatches, luminous in their pessimism,

from M. Jules Cambon reflected Poincaré's disquietude. He pointed out the dark clouds that were rolling up before us to every one who went to see him.

"Pan-Germanism is the unquestionable master of Germany," he said. "Pan-Germanism wishes war and will make war. The Kaiser declares from time to time 'I am the last pivot of resistance.' But he is a pivot who is anxious to give way. The Kaiser and Germany not only hate France; they also fear Russia. They know that the great bulk of that nation is acquiring more cohesion every day. They want to attack Russia and destroy her before she has attained the full measure of her strength."

He saw clearly in the tragic days of 1914 and when, on the 31st of July and the 1st of August, we were looking toward England with anxious eyes, M. Poincaré never ceased repeating to his ministers, "England will be on our side. I answer for it." And in that very time he wrote King George V those admirable, lucid letters and dispatches which contributed

so much toward putting England on our side.

M. Poincaré saw clearly in every hour of the war. The messages he wrote his ministers from day to day, putting them on their guard against some danger or recommending some measure, will prove, when they are published, that the head of no other nation possessed a keener, sharper insight into events.

Especially M. Poincaré saw that it was necessary to hold on to the bitter end. He did not falter for a moment, he did not despair for a moment. After the war was over M. Clémenceau said, "We have to do justice to Poincaré and Foch. They never flinched." M. Clémenceau could do them justice better than any one else, for he knew by experience that in certain hours the firmest men have their hearts gnawed by anxiety. He could well do justice to M. Poincaré, because the two men had been together constantly during the mortal days of 1918. On the evening of Sunday, the 23rd of March, 1918, M. Clémenceau called on Poincaré, at the Elysée. It was the fourth day of the German offensive on the Somme and the

Oise. Without any preamble the Prime Minister said to the President of the Republic:

"I've just come back from Compiègne. I saw Pétain. Things are going very badly. I don't know whether we won't have to prepare for the evacuation of Paris."

"There can be no question about that," M. Poincaré replied firmly.

"I am going back to Compiègne this evening," answered M. Clémenceau, "I am going to see Pétain again. I will telephone you."

That evening, about eleven o'clock, the Prime Minister called the President of the Republic on the telephone and said to him, "I saw Pétain again. He holds to his opinion."

"All right," replied M. Poincaré, "we will talk it over."

That very night, while an air raid was going on over Paris, the President of the Republic took up his pen and wrote a letter to the Head of the Government notifying him of his objections. Nevertheless he requested M. Clémenceau to hold a meeting of the Council of Ministers before deciding finally.

The Council was held the next morning. M. Clémenceau came with slightly different views, for beneath a brutal exterior he is, at heart, a man of mobile character, who can be influenced. Yesterday he had thought the way General Pétain did; at the meeting he was disposed to agree with M. Poincaré. As soon as the Ministers were seated he began to speak and lay before them the situation, adding:

“The day after to-morrow we shall hold a conference at Doullens with a representative of the British Government. I propose that the President of the Republic accompany me there. He will judge the situation for himself.”

So it was decided, and on Wednesday, the 26th of March, M. Poincaré traveled by automobile to Doullens. A great scene in history—the greatest scene in the history of the war—was to be staged there.

When M. Poincaré got out of his automobile he was told that Sir Douglas Haig was in a conference with the generals of his armies, and that it would perhaps be better not to in-

interrupt him. To pass the time and to protect themselves against the sharp wind which nipped their faces, the members of the President's party walked back and forth in the front of the little Hôtel de Ville. These men were MM. Poincaré, Clémenceau and Loucheur, also a general dressed in gray who from time to time flayed about him with an old cane, that had been made by a poilu. It was Foch. As soon as he saw the President of the Republic he approached the latter, took him to one side and asked:

"Sir, you don't know the orders which have been issued; do you?"

As a matter of fact the President didn't know these orders. They were serious. They comprehended the almost complete withdrawal of the army and also, after a brief delay, the evacuation of Paris. They seemed to produce extreme excitement in the mind of Foch, the conqueror of Fère-Champenoise. In his short, nervous, impatient voice he repeated:

"Paris! Paris has nothing to do with this matter. Paris is far off. We ought to stop

the Boche right here. We have only got to say 'He shall not pass!' and he will not pass. We can always stop the Boche. We have only got to give the order. It is only necessary to say 'Retreat no farther.' I will guarantee you that three-fourths of the battle is won when we know that we are not going to retreat. France is France, and France does not die. Haig and Pétain are two men who are keeping a door closed, each one by pushing on a separate bolt. The door has been broken down. There they are, both of them, each one at his own bolt, watching the enemy pour in and not knowing how to close the door and who ought to make the first move!"

"How would you stop them," asked M. Loucheur, who had come up.

"You know my method," replied Foch, "I would drive a nail into the door, here; then one at that point; then at this one. The Boche would be almost stopped. Then I'd drive another one in here. And the Boche would be stopped. We can always stop the Boche."

M. Clémenceau also came up and listened.

He did not like General Foch very much for Foch had opposed M. Clémenceau in a recent conference and the latter does not like men who don't bow to his will. However, he could not prevent himself from leaning over to M. Loucheur and saying what he thought in a low voice.

"That's a man," were M. Clémenceau's words.

And then the two figures of Sir Douglas Haig and Lord Milner appeared on the threshold of the Hôtel de Ville. The English conference had ended, the Anglo-French conference was about to begin.

Hurriedly they all went into the Mayor's office. They took their places around a narrow table in a great bare room. M. Poincaré sat in the center with the English Government, represented by Lord Milner, on his right and the French Government, represented by M. Clémenceau, on his left. A little farther off Sir Douglas Haig and Generals Foch and Pétain took their places. M. Loucheur sat at the end of the table and acted as secretary.

In that solemn hour each man maintained his usual expression. Poincaré was calm, Clémenteau caustic, Milner phlegmatic, Foch nervous and Pétain impenetrable, while Haig's face was drawn and harassed like that of a man who had not slept for three nights.

M. Poincaré opened the conference. With that lucidity which never leaves him in the most anxious moments, he laid bare the situation. His belief was that it was only a matter of stopping the Boche right where he was; not anywhere else.

Sir Douglas Haig said that as far as he was concerned he was ready to do his best to defend Amiens. At this word Foch jumped up, rapped on the table and exclaimed:

"No, Marshal, no. It isn't a question of Amiens. We have got to conquer them before they get to Amiens. We have got to conquer them right here where we are."

In a few chipped out, metallic phrases Foch repeated the demonstration he had made out in the Square; he repeated the words he had not ceased to mutter for the last twenty-four

hours—without doubt it would have been better to halt the Boche on the Somme, but now they couldn't pick and choose any longer. They had to be stopped right where they were and stopped immediately. And to do that it was only necessary to give the order. Foch stopped speaking.

At that moment Lord Milner got up and beckoned to M. Clémenceau. A brief whispered dialogue followed between them. Lord Milner was overheard saying several times, "There is our man." Sir Douglas Haig in his turn rose and joined them. He is a capable, splendid figure of a valiant soldier. From the first day of the mortal battle the truth was apparent to him that there was not always enough solidity and understanding between the two allied armies. If they went on as they were going they were rushing to disaster. Haig saw that only one remedy existed for this state of things—putting above him and above Pétain a single commander to whom both of them would be subordinate. For his part he would put himself willingly under Foch's orders. Forty-

eight hours ago he had telegraphed his Government ¹ to this effect.

M. Clémenceau came back to the table where the other men had continued their discussion. In a loud voice he proposed to Pétain to do as Haig had done and to put himself under Foch's orders. The Commander in Chief of the French was no less patriotic than the Commander in Chief of the British forces. He accepted the proposal on the spot. M. Loucheur took a sheet of paper and forthwith drew up the declaration, which was later made public, by the terms of which General Foch was given charge of coördinating the forces of the two armies.

"Since your handwriting is so good," said M. Clémenceau, "make two copies of this dec-

¹ When at the end of the campaign, Sir Douglas Haig came to take leave officially of President Poincaré, he declared of his own free will, "On the 24th of March when I received General Pétain's order to withdraw, I was convinced of the necessity of having a single commander in chief who should be supreme over Pétain and myself. I understood then that our operations were not in harmony and that we were leading our armies to destruction. The only way to save everything was to have one man above us to whom we were both subordinate. That is the reason I had asked London to send a member of the Cabinet to discuss with the French Government the nomination of General Foch as Commander in Chief of the Allied Armies."

laration. We will sign them right away."

This was done, and the decision by which a single commander was put at the head of the allied armies was signed in pencil on an ordinary sheet of paper. As they went out M. Clémenceau happened to be alongside of Foch, who was hastening to give his first orders.

"Well," asked M. Clémenceau, "are you satisfied? You have got what you want."

Evidently Foch had what he wanted. So had President Poincaré. What they wanted was to save the Army, Paris and France.

It was written that these two men—Poincaré and Foch—who, in the tragic hour of the war had the same clear vision of the duty of France, should have the same clear vision in the tragic hour of peace.

It is yet too soon to write the details, which will stupefy future generations, of the history of the Peace Treaty of 1919. But what can be told, since it is an established fact, is that the President of France and Marshal Foch had an identical conception of the keystone of the

arch of the treaty. Setting out from different premises they had arrived at the same conclusion—that France had to occupy permanently the left bank of the Rhine. For Marshal Foch, the great strategist, this was a vital military necessity. The river Rhine was the sole impregnable trench behind which he could mount guard over France and over civilization.² For President Poincaré, the great jurist, this was an indispensable judicial guarantee. Since men had first talked the language of law, the hypothesis has existed that a creditor should demand a pledge from his debtor. But the view of Foch and Poincaré did not prevail.

We know that President Wilson, who was concerned not with strategy but with philosophy, and Lloyd George, who was concerned not with justice but with neurology, made objec-

² Marshal Foch said to the treaty makers, "There can be but one solid frontier to protect Belgium and France; it is the Rhine. In the first place, it is not a frontier that is crossed at will. Furthermore, it is a frontier which puts a space between the assailant, if he should begin again, and the assailed, between German territory and the soil of Belgium and France. Let us not annex the left bank of the Rhine, but let us occupy it permanently. This will be the best way of preventing Liège and Verdun, Brussels and Paris, ever being occupied in the future."

tions to this. The President of the United States was disturbed about it; the Prime Minister of Great Britain was definitely opposed to it. In vain did Foch prepare the luminous memorandum of the 10th of January, 1919, which it has not been possible to suppress, which has had to be made public. In vain did Raymond Poincaré prepare an admirable note which it will not be possible to suppress and which will have to be made public some day, a note which was brought to the attention of and read to the Supreme Council. The English and the Americans were polite but absolutely firm in their position. In almost so many words they said to the President of the French Republic and to the Generalissimo of the Allied Armies:

“A thousand regrets. But we have taken up our positions and arrived at our conclusions. These conclusions are the evacuation by France within twenty years of the left bank of the Rhine and the offer of an Anglo-American guarantee of the Treaty”—of a treaty which the American Senate was to refuse to ratify,

which stroke annulled the ratification by the British Parliament.

This time at least no one could turn toward Marshal Foch and President Poincaré and say:

“Well, are you satisfied? You have got what you want.”

As a matter of fact, during the seven years of his Presidency Raymond Poincaré rarely got what he wanted. He entered the Elysée intending, if he could not do great things there, at least to do something. He has left the Elysée knowing that the President of France can do nothing—not even prevent foolish things from being done.

“I don’t know,” he said to me some days before the end of his term, “whether I shall ever write my memoirs as President of the Republic. But if I do write them I know perfectly well what the title will be. I shall take it from *Silvius Pellicus—My Prison.*”

A prison. That, in fact, is what the Elysée has become, little by little. At first the bars seemed golden and the prisoner seemed to enjoy a number of prerogatives:

“The President of the Republic, concurrently with the members of the two Chambers, has the right to propose laws. . . . He promulgates the laws when they have been voted. . . . He can, for a given reason, demand of the two Chambers a reconsideration which cannot be refused. . . . He can, with the consent of the Senate, dissolve the Chamber of Deputies before the legal expiration of its term. . . . He can adjourn the Chambers. . . . He has the right of granting pardons. . . . He disposes of the Army. He makes all civil and military appointments. He presides at national ceremonies; the ministers and ambassadors of foreign Powers are accredited to him. . . . He negotiates and ratifies treaties. He gives notice of them to the Parliament, as soon as the interest and safety of the State permit. . . .”

What rights! What powers! Seven articles of two constitutional laws (those of February 25 and July 16, 1873) are insufficient to enumerate them. . . .

This is all true, but two lines and seventeen

words are sufficient to annul all these powers:

“Each one of the acts of the President of the Republic must be countersigned by a Minister” (Article 3 of the law of the 25th of February, 1875).

The President must have for each projected or promulgated law a Minister's signature; a Minister in order to communicate with the Legislative Bodies; the advice of a Minister in order to grant a pardon; the agreement of a Minister to appoint a second lieutenant or a teacher; the assistance of a Minister in presiding over a national ceremony; the approval of a Minister in negotiating a treaty. The Minister is the true guardian of the constitution; tradition has gradually turned this guardian into a jailer. It is incumbent on the President of the Republic not to correspond freely with sovereigns of foreign countries unless he has first submitted his letter to his Minister of Foreign Affairs. It is incumbent on the President of the Republic not to make a speech dedicating a statue without first having submitted his

speech for the approval of the Prime Minister.

"It is useless for you to send me the text of your speeches in advance," M. Clémenceau said to President Poincaré one day. "I never read them until after you have delivered them. I have faith in you."

But suppose that he had not had faith!

"But at least doesn't the President of the Republic choose these Ministers, of his own free will, whom the tradition of the law assigns to him as wardens?"

"Yes, technically, *for he names all civil and military employees of the Government.* In practice, no, *for each one of his acts must be countersigned by a Minister.*"

The Prime Minister countersigns the nomination of the Ministers. He chooses them; he contents himself with presenting their names to the President of the Republic after they have been chosen.

The Prime Minister is the only officer who is chosen by the Chief of the State on his own initiative. This has become practically his sole prerogative, his sole act of power. Sta-

tistics show us that the President exercises this right about once a year. Raymond Poincaré, for example, during the 2,556 days of his Presidency of the République, has had exactly ten days of omnipotence. Moreover, during those ten days he was obliged to curtail his power or, finding himself with a Prime Minister who had resigned but who had not been overthrown by a vote of the Chambers, he was obliged to ask him to form a new cabinet. Besides, he must have the advice of the President of the Senate, the advice of the President of the Chamber of Deputies, the advice—an unheard of thing—of the Prime Minister who has resigned but who, in spite of the fact that he has no more authority or power, has, nevertheless, the power and the authority of designating his successor, since the custom has been established that when a Prime Minister has resigned, he has the right to point out to the President of the Republic the man who, in his eyes, is most capable of succeeding him.

Furthermore, even as the President of the Republic cannot choose his guards of his own

free will, he cannot communicate with them of his own free will. With all his power he has not the power to take up any affairs of state except in proportion as his Prime Minister wishes. For who manages affairs of state? The Council of Ministers. And who calls the Council? Not the President of the Republic, but the Prime Minister. He calls the Council when it suits him and as it suits him. He can call it once every three months if it suits him to do so.

There have been cases when Prime Ministers did not even notify the President of the Republic that he would have to preside over a ministerial council. The President got the necessary information from a notice in a newspaper.

Breathing only the air he is allowed to breathe, only seeing the light which is filtered through to him, unable to go out without an escort, unable to write without some one to make revises, unable to speak without a censor, able to sign documents only if some one signs alongside of him, scarcely having the right to wear what clothes he pleases or to say a

word, it is nothing short of marvelous that a President of the French Republic could do what Raymond Poincaré did in the seven years of his term of office. He has done it only because the light of the power of his thought has been stronger than the bars behind which he was enclosed. He has done it only because the superiority of his intelligence has constrained his most obtuse jailers to consult him in the depths of his dungeon. In spite of his chains Raymond Poincaré has been the President of the Victory, of Victory over the Boches—and many times over himself.

France would be wrong in thinking that she will be able to continue forever a system of Government at the head of which she puts a Chief who, from the day he is inaugurated as President, must become paralytic.

“Our constitution,” M. Aristide Briand explained one day, with his illuminating irony, to M. Hugh C. Wallace, the American Ambassador, “resembles a porcelain dinner service of very fine quality, beautifully decorated, every piece of which is cracked. Some pieces are so

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cracked that the slightest breath of air would suffice to make them fall to bits. We take this fact into account and we put it away carefully. We never use it. But the day will come when we shall want to find it, and we shall find only dust."

Moreover, France will have to find it one day, because otherwise the entire régime will fall to bits.

CHAPTER IV

WOODROW WILSON—COLLEGE PROFESSOR AND PRESIDENT

Some people think this man is a dreamer, others hold that he is a genius. He is neither dreamer nor genius; he was a college professor.

If you ever travel along the stretch of the Pennsylvania Railroad between Philadelphia and New York, you will pass through the city of Trenton, a charming city—as industrial cities of New Jersey go. And here you are shown ostentatiously a window on the ground floor of the New Jersey State Capitol.

“Do you see that window?” they ask you. “It’s the window of the Governor’s room. When Woodrow Wilson was governor, day and night, summer and winter, you could see his shadow through that window, bent over

his desk. Mr. Wilson certainly was a hard worker."

And if you go about in Trenton a little farther, they will point out a new street that has been laid out recently, with straight lines of houses on both sides.

"Do you see this street?" they ask. "It runs through the property of Ex-Senator James Smith Jr., Wilson's bitterest political opponent. There was war to the knife between him and the former governor. One day Senator Smith wanted to have the road bordering on some land he owned enlarged and straightened. Everybody was convinced that Mr. Wilson would refuse to sign the bill providing for this, for he really didn't have to look out for the business interests of one of his worst enemies. However, Mr. Wilson took up his pen and signed the bill, saying, 'The fact that I don't get along with Senator Smith is no reason why I should deprive him of his rights as a citizen.' Woodrow Wilson certainly was a generous magistrate."

A hard worker . . . a generous magistrate.

That is the memory the former Governor of New Jersey has left with the people he governed. They also remember him as an obstinate man. He practically used to say to the State Assembly:

“I want to have such and such a law passed. If you don’t pass it in the winter session I shall ask you again a second time to pass it in the spring session. And if I don’t get it in the spring session, I shall call a special summer session of the Legislature.”

Overawed, the Assemblymen voted for everything this obstinate Governor asked of them.

Finally, every one says that no one is a greater master of words than Mr. Wilson. When he sat face to face in the Governor’s room at the State Capitol with the men who opposed his ideas, the flood of dialectic in which he engulfed them was so compelling that very few of his opponents were able to withstand the force of his reasoning.

One day in a public meeting an honest farmer called out to him:

"Well, you are only an amateur politician!"

"That is true," answered Mr. Wilson, who is never at a loss for a reply, "a professional plays politics because it is his business. An amateur plays it because he enjoys it. I shall never be anything but an amateur in politics but I shall have had a good time being one."

But let us leave behind anecdotes about Mr. Wilson and consider the man himself.

The first time I saw Woodrow Wilson, the evening of the Statue of Liberty Banquet in November, 1916, I watched him for three hours from the opposite end of the dinner table and I was able to study him entirely at my leisure.

His forehead is a little too narrow—which explains without doubt the obstinacy of which every one who approaches him complains. His eyes are clear and brilliant—which denotes an undeniable faculty of assimilation. His mouth is broad and expressive—which explains his extraordinary facility in speaking. The ensemble of his profile has something awkward and timid about it; one feels that behind this

solid outward appearance there is, possibly, weakness.

Naturally President Wilson made a speech that evening. His voice is agreeable and engaging. It doesn't hesitate—perhaps it doesn't hesitate enough. It goes along freely, it speeds up, it decides, it clears all obstacles, it tries to please its audience and almost always succeeds in doing so—at least as far as the immediate auditors, who can hear Mr. Wilson speak, are concerned.

Also, quite naturally, the President pronounced one of those chiseled phrases of which he is a frequent coiner, in words somewhat as follows, "There will be no peace without liberty. Whatever may be my respect for foreign countries, I may say that in proportion as they submit to the egoistic convictions of a narrow caste, they will be a danger to the peace of the world." My neighbors declared enviously that that phrase was one of the finest they had ever heard. But they could not agree entirely on its meaning.

That is one of Mr. Wilson's professorial

characteristics. He has in the course of his life pronounced many phrases which rouse the admiration of some men and the anger of others. The most curious thing is that his phrases often lay themselves open to entirely different interpretations.

I asked Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, the present American Ambassador to Italy, who has always been President Wilson's friend, for some interpretations of the most celebrated and most widely discussed of the President's phrases.

"The President," I told him, "said one day that he was 'too proud to fight.' What did he mean by that?"

"That is very simple," Mr. Johnson answered. "He spoke those words in an hour when tension was particularly sharp between the United States and Mexico, when every one was urging him to declare war on the Mexicans. 'We are too proud to fight,' said the President, who thought, who could think, only of the Lilliputian enemy of the great Republic."

"One day President Wilson said, 'Who can

tell me the causes of the War?' How could he be ignorant of such things?"

"That is a little more complicated," Mr. Johnson replied, "however, it is certain that he meant that he, as head of a neutral country, had no right to sit in judgment and that, in any case, his country had not been concerned in any way in the origins of the War, that he felt no responsibility for its origins and that he was entirely ignorant of them."

"President Wilson said words to the effect that you could not ask a hungry man to be brave and that empty stomachs lost all religion. Why did he say a thing like that?"

"That is very clear," came the answer. "He meant that the more socialistically you work for the well-being of the unfortunate, the more you exalt their love of their country and respect for God. Misery brings on anarchy and anarchy is the negation of patriotism. To reduce misery is working for your country and for religion."

I am repeating the replies which were made to me without distinguishing between the truth

and the casuistry they contain. But I may say that all Mr. Wilson's friends must recognize that such phrases as those in question are somewhat equivocal and open to criticism.

"He is too proud of his facility in speech," people have told me, "and never prepares his speeches. Then, after he has made a statement he refuses to have it modified in any way whatsoever, thinking that that is not honest."

That then is the man. Adroit, but obstinate; conscientious, but light-minded; eloquent, but more carried away by the rhythm of his words than by the depth of his thought; cultured, but too entirely devoted to a certain type of culture; understanding Greek and shorthand, yet ignoring entirely the souls of foreign peoples; attracted by humanity's terrible problems, but believing that they can be solved by philosophical and literary formulas. Make your picture from that *mélange* of qualities and you will have a portrait which is neither that of a dreamer nor of a genius. It is the perfect portrait of a college professor.

Let us be just. There was one hour when

that college professor rose to a height for which a statesman deserves the gratitude and the admiration of history. That was when he broke with von Bernstorff and declared war on Germany. Mr. Wilson made his decision alone; he consulted no one. And he made it contrary to the wishes of part of his people.

For early in 1917 the mind of America was far from unanimous in desiring war. All America was divided into three parts. There was the Atlantic coast, cold, foggy, wrapped in snow, which had nevertheless been enraged by the violation of Belgium, which had trembled with anger at the torpedoing of the *Lusitania*, which had been stirred by the flaming voices of its Roosevelts, its Becks, its Mannings, its Hibbens, its Herricks, its Butlers and its Parkers. On the other hand there was the Middle West—Chicago, Milwaukee, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and the surrounding region—full of Germans or the descendants of Germans, farther off, more disposed to wait and to equivocate. And, finally, on the other side of the Rocky Mountains there was the Pacific

coast, a delectable land of warmth, beauty and Nature's perpetual delights, which had received the news of the violation of Belgium with sensations similar to those of a man under the burning palms of Sorrento who hears about an avalanche in Norway; which was not stirred up by the torpedoing of the *Lusitania* because the perfumed breeze from the waves of the Pacific did not carry in to its ears the death rattle of the victims, which comprehended with difficulty the somber horrors unleashed over Europe because the sun shone so brightly in the people's faces that they could not see so far away. The countries of light and flowers are always opposed to the idea of war, because they do not care to see a drop of blood spotting the azure of their skies.

It was and will remain to the imperishable credit of President Wilson that he solidified the three sections of America, that he brought into unison the eager East and the nonchalant West, that he welded into one 110,000,000 men of all races, all tendencies and many origins.

It will also be to his imperishable credit that

he was, on the day of the Declaration of War, more than the interpreter of a great people—the interpreter of all humanity.

The scene was one of those which a man who saw it could not forget if he lived to be a thousand years old—the House of Representatives at Washington, a room which recalls in certain ways the French Senate Chamber. Several hundred chairs are set about in a semicircle, and from these chairs the Congressmen speak. The tribune, placed just below the Speaker's desk, is ordinarily occupied by a clerk who reads the proposed bills and the program for the day. When the President comes to address Congress, additional chairs are placed behind those already in the room as places for the Senators. The clerk disappears, abandoning his raised desk in favor of the President, who speaks from there as if from a tribune.

On the day when America declared war on Germany, the 2d of April, 1917, the room was "full to the bursting point," according to the usual phrase. People were crowded into the public galleries, which had been gallantly given

over to the ladies, who made a striking picture with here and there a bright colored gown or a pair of bare shoulders gleaming above an evening dress. The press gallery was crowded with newspaper men from all over the country, who had come to witness the great scene. The crowd had pressed in to the very seats where the Senators sat. Many Congressmen had obtained permission to hold their children in their arms in order that, clasped to the breast of their fathers, they might be present at this historic scene.

At thirty-nine minutes past eight every one was in his place and the waited announcement came:

“The President of the United States!”

As if they were on springs the entire gathering rose. Applause burst forth, one of those strange American bursts of applause composed of cheers, shouts and whistles—for the whistle, which is the height of scorn in France, is the height of honor in America. Slowly the President entered the room and gained the tribune. His face seemed carved in marble, his clear

eyes gazed straight before him, his hand did not tremble; but his gait and certain scarcely perceptible movements of his body evidenced emotion. He plunged his hand into the pocket of his coat and took out some fine sheets of paper on which one could distinguish from the galleries, with the aid of glasses, a scarcely perceptible penmanship. Mr. Wilson assumed a military attitude from which, during the next thirty-five minutes, he did not change—chest thrown out, heels together, arms close to his body, his elbows leaning on the raised desk of the tribune and his hands holding the small sheets of paper. Then he began to read.

His voice, although it was remarkably clear and short, was cold. One felt that he wanted it to be cold. Its tone was uniform, with none of those changes which sway a mob and make applause rise. His words followed one another straight into one's heart and one's thoughts. If there was applause it was for the words and the ideas which they expressed, not for the manner in which they were delivered.

For the moment the President was heard in

a quiet that suggested the silence of a church. The three thousand human beings who were shut in this narrow room held their breath, scarcely moved, did not make a sound. Even the children, with their arms around the necks of their fathers, seemed to be hypnotized into tiny statues by this pale man who, in his implacable voice, read and enumerated all the German misdeeds.

His exposition completed, the President came to the great problem—what choice will the American Nation make? His voice did not change its tone but it became even more sharp and more precise as it said:

“There is one choice we cannot make, we are incapable of making; we will not choose the path of submission and suffer the most sacred rights of our nation and our people to be ignored or violated. The wrongs against which we now array ourselves are not common wrongs; they cut to the very roots of human life.”

No sooner had these words been spoken than a tremendous, unbelievable shout came from

the hitherto silent crowd. This shout reached to the roofs of the building. It increased, prolonged itself. Every emotion was in this shout—deliverance, joy, pride, strength, and even the announcement of future Victory.

But the pale man, in whose face not a muscle changed before this tempest of emotion, continued to read from his little bits of paper.

“With a profound sense of the solemn and even tragical character of the step I am taking and of the grave responsibilities which it involves, but in unhesitating obedience to what I deem my constitutional duty, I advise that the Congress declare the recent course of the Imperial German Government to be in fact nothing less than war against the Government and people of the United States; that it formally accept the status of belligerent which has thus been thrust upon it and that it take immediately steps not only to put the country in a more thorough state of defense, but also to exert all its power and employ all its resources to bring the Government of the German Empire to terms and end the war. . . .”

The word was spoken. And no sooner was it spoken than I noticed a man, standing at some distance from the President, who raised and inclined his white head in approval. It was the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, the highest court of the Republic. The respect America feels for Chief Justice White equals the law which is incarnate in him. And he, the personification of Right, was the first one to acclaim the War made for the Right.

The entire assembly leaped to its feet. It uttered a series of terrific shouts—the same sort of shouts the French Chamber of Deputies uttered on the 3rd of August, 1914, when it saluted France's entry into the War. These are solemn moments that cannot be forgotten. What there is of party strife in parliamentary assemblies vanishes and disappears, and one feels only the distant rumble of the voice of an entire human race.

After that, each phrase in President Wilson's message was interrupted by applause. The peroration, which is perhaps one of the finest bits of eloquence that have been spoken

during the War on account of the elevation of its thought and the harmony of its form, received the honor of tremendous applause. However, even when he pronounced such admirable words as "But the right is more precious than peace"; "America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured," the President's voice did not change. It became neither more emphatic nor more declamatory; it remained severe and serene. It was the voice of imminent and austere Justice who spoke.

When the speech was finished President Wilson slowly walked down the four marble steps of the tribune, left the House of Representatives and entered the Speaker's room.

A man was standing at the door. He advanced toward the Head of the Nation with his hand outstretched. It was Henry Cabot Lodge, the Republican Leader in the Senate, Mr. Wilson's bitter political adversary, with whom the President had not exchanged a word for four years.

“Mr. President,” said Senator Lodge, “you have known how to raise yourself to the height of the greatest decision an American President has had to make.”

And then President Wilson no longer was a man of marble. This homage, coming from a political adversary, went straight to his heart and an emotion which was not feigned could be read in his face. Mr. Wilson grasped Senator Lodge’s proffered hand and shook it warmly. So in America, after three years of the War, there was the same feeling of sacred union that there had been in France at the beginning of the terrible conflict.

Then Mr. Wilson left the people who were surrounding him, descended the great marble staircase, entered his carriage and rode away, surrounded by a squadron of guards. As it passed along Pennsylvania Avenue his cortège crossed a battery of artillery which was on its way to the railroad station—a perfect symbol!

The last act of the rupture between the United States and Germany had been played. The first act of the War made by the United

States against Germany was about to begin.

The War will also be to Mr. Wilson's credit, for he made war with all there was in him. He enlisted therein all his forces and the nation's whole soul.

One day M. Jusserand spoke to the President about promising to send three million soldiers to the French front. Mr. Wilson exclaimed:

"No! Why three million? I shall send five million men, ten million men. I shall send all who are necessary for America and the Allies to win the War."

But the War which will remain Woodrow Wilson's only great act, which is his sole glory, proved to be also the cause of his downfall. For in it he lost that address and that flair which formerly caused him to trim the sails of his pride when he felt a foul wind blowing. He lost that native timidity which made him hesitate when some obstacle appeared in his path. His doctrinal vanity no longer recognized any limits. He thought that he could play professor to the entire world.

A foreshadowing of this disturbance of his equilibrium occurred on the 9th of April, 1918, when President Wilson received at the White House a delegation of newspaper men from the allied countries, two of whom were French, M. Arthur Plottier, correspondent of the *Matin*, and M. Lechartier, of the *Petit Parisien*. It was understood that the meeting should remain strictly confidential and the newspaper men had been put on their honor not to make public the President's statements. They kept their word, and only the allied governments, through diplomatic cipher, knew anything about the conversation which resolved itself into a monologue as Mr. Wilson, for thirty minutes, spoke in the first person in the general manner of a Roman Emperor saying, "I shall permit. . . . I shall not permit."

This was the sense of Mr. Wilson's address:

I am determined to go on to the end, even if the War should last for ten years. I am ready to enter Berlin if it is necessary; but I intend that the peace, when it is concluded,

shall be a peace of justice. When we shall be seated about the table of the Peace Conference it will be necessary to repair all past injustices; but I shall never permit any one to put into practice a policy of plunder. I shall not suffer the annexation of territories against the wishes of their inhabitants. If this happens I shall leave the Conference. As far as I am concerned this principle demands no exceptions, even in colonial matters. I have entered into the War without the idea of conquest or gain; the War will have to end without gain or conquest. I shall not allow any one to interfere in the internal affairs of other states. I gave an example of this in not interfering in Mexico. I can not permit any trespassing on foreign sovereignty."

Such things should have disturbed the allied governments, to whom they were reported faithfully. But it is characteristic of governments never to worry. Men in public life know only two states of being: optimism, when they are in office; pessimism, when they are

out of office. The allied governments in April, 1918, were no exceptions to this general rule. Why should they be worried about what Mr. Wilson said? Hadn't he said other things and hadn't everything come out all right? Wouldn't everything come out all right as long as they were there.

Six months later a shock that was still more severe was going to be inflicted on their trusting happiness. This time there could be no doubt about it. The vanity of which Mr. Wilson had given the first signs, far from growing less, had grown greater. Little by little, bit by bit, it was to fill every lobe in the presidential brain.

On the 5th of November, 1918—six days before the armistice—it burst forth, undeniable as a thunderbolt, when Mr. Wilson signed his own political death warrant.

On that day—the 5th of November, 1918—elections were being held in America to vote for all of the members of the House of Representatives and a third of the Senate. The electoral campaign, faithful to the sacred

truce, had been carried on with an unprecedented calmness when sharply, some days before the election, just as a clap of thunder bursts in a calm sky, sounded forth the President's call to arms. A message was addressed by him to the nation, and its title alone was a declaration of war—"Appeal to the electorate for political support."

"If you have approved of my leadership and wish me to continue to be your unembarrassed spokesman in affairs at home and abroad, I earnestly beg that you will express yourselves unmistakably to that effect by returning a Democratic majority to both the Senate and the House of Representatives.

"I am your servant and will accept your judgment without cavil, but my power to administer the great trust assigned to me by the Constitution would be seriously impaired should your judgment be adverse, and I must frankly tell you so, because so many critical issues depend upon your verdict. . . .

"The return of a Republican majority to either house of Congress would, moreover, be

interpretative on the other side of the water as a repudiation of my leadership.”

It would be difficult to be more brief. No one could misunderstand these proud and haughty but explicit words. Moreover no one did misunderstand them. Voters went to the polls in serried, eager ranks, in battalions. Their response came in the election of a Republican majority of thirty in the House of Representatives, a Republican majority of two in the Senate. The leadership of Mr. Wilson was, in his own words, repudiated, and he ceased to be the “unembarrassed spokesman” of the American people in foreign as well as domestic affairs.

Mr. Wilson had taken his chance in the political gamble—and lost!

However, President Wilson did not give up the fight. Three weeks later he embarked on the ocean liner with the glorious name *George Washington*, escorted by a fleet of cruisers and dreadnoughts. He took along with him a delegation that he himself had chosen. That delegation included no member of the Senate,

which the Constitution of the United States has stipulated shall assist the President in the making of treaties; not Senator Lodge who was going to be Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs; nor Senator Hitchcock who was the Democratic Leader in the Senate; nor Senator Knox who had been Secretary of State; nor Senator Underwood, who is adroit, conciliating and influential with both political parties. The President took along only subordinates and men who had his confidence, whose submission surpassed their devotion. As leader of America Woodrow Wilson set foot on European soil and there he spoke as the unopposed master of the world. For him the first thing to be considered in drawing up the Treaty of Peace was the formation of the League of Nations and as a matter of fact the first article reads:

“In order to promote international coöperation and to achieve international peace and security, by the acceptance of obligations not to resort to war, by the prescription of open,

just and honorable relations between nations, by the firm establishment of the understandings of international law as to actual rule of conduct among Governments, and by the maintenance of justice and a scrupulous respect for all treaty obligations in the dealings of organized peoples with one another, the high contracting parties agree to this covenant of the League of Nations."

The day when the League was inaugurated he presented it to the gathering assembled in the Salon de l'Horloge at the Quai d'Orsay in words like the following:

We have not worked *in* the fever of enthusiasm but *with* profound care for our responsibilities. . . . We hold our mandate from twelve hundred million men; we, the forty signatories of this project, truly represent the human race. . . . In the future no power will be able to try to resist our common and absolute will.

Then, having spoken, he reëmbarked on the

George Washington to spend a week in America. The Republican party, silent but firm, awaited him on the other side of the ocean.

On the 24th of February, 1919, the Presidential yacht cast anchor before Boston, perhaps the city most typical in America. They were expecting Mr. Wilson. They had prepared a reception for him. They thought he was going to say what had happened at Paris and what was going to happen. They thought that he was going to speak.

As a matter of fact he did speak but he spoke in order to tell anecdotes about the Peace Conference and to denounce his opponents. He denounced the men who criticized the League of Nations declaring that they were "narrow, egoistic, provincial spirits, incapable of raising themselves above the lowest horizon." On the following day a delegation of senators came to call on Mr. Wilson at the White House, to try to obtain some explanations and to enter into a discussion. The President was distant, hurried.

Then the Republicans picked up the gauntlet of defiance that Mr. Wilson had thrown down. On the 3d of March thirty-nine Senators—almost half the Senate—assembled and passed a resolution—the famous Senate “Round Robin”:

“Whereas, under the Constitution, it is a function of the Senate to advise and consent to, or dissent from the ratification of any treaty of the United States, and no such treaty can become operative without the consent of the Senate expressed by the affirmative vote of two-thirds of the Senators present. . . .

“Now, therefore, be it resolved, by the Senate of the United States in the discharge of its constitutional duty of advice in regard to treaties that it is the sense of the Senate that, while it is the sincere desire that the nations of the world should unite to promote peace and general disarmament the Constitution of the League of Nations in the form now proposed to the Peace Conference should not be accepted by the United States.

“And be it resolved further, that it is the sense of the Senate that the negotiations on the part of the United States should immediately be directed to the utmost expedition of the urgent business of negotiating peace terms with Germany satisfactory to the United States and the nations with whom the United States is associated in the war against the German Government, and the proposal for a League of Nations to insure the permanent peace of the world should then be taken up for careful and serious consideration.”

This was the advice and consent of the Senate. President Wilson made his reply the following day in a speech delivered in New York some hours before he reëmbarked for France. He accentuated the defiance he had hurled at his opponents:

“When that Treaty comes back, gentlemen on this side will find the Covenant not only in it, but so many threads of the Treaty tied to the Covenant that you cannot dissect it from the Treaty without destroying the whole vital structure.”

WOODROW WILSON

And he sailed on the *George Washington*, which was waiting with steam up.

You know the rest—the second trip to Paris, the long debates by which, in the dead of night, the Peace Conference regulated the fate of the nations of the earth; the signing of the Treaty of Versailles; the final return to the United States; the Republican opposition that was irretrievably opposed to the Treaty; the President's oratorical peregrination across America under the torrid heat; the sudden utter physical breakdown, which left the President, stricken in the midst of a public meeting, with his words and his thought paralyzed. They took Mr. Wilson back to Washington. However the Senate, even in the shadow of the presidential shade, continued to dissect the Treaty, to cut it up and kill it. The man and his work were in agony side by side. There is something that recalls an old Greek tragedy when we consider Mr. Wilson laid low by his mysterious malady and by an almost unbelievable series of his own maladroitnesses. He slipped, fell prostrate in sight of all, slept gently.

GREAT MEN *and* GREAT DAYS

When we Frenchmen, who are its victims, consider this drama, we try to be just. The Republican party in America can say to France, "We only defended ourselves. We solemnly warned France on the 5th of November, 1918, and the 3rd of March, 1919, that the peace-maker who was coming to her was not all powerful." We Frenchmen should censure ourselves because we did not see, did not know, did not believe this, and because we were led astray by the official censorship and by the officious optimism of the voices of certain Frenchmen which at that time raised themselves in America and in France in order to put us on our guard.

But when the Republican party in America adds, "You should not have listened to the head of the American Delegation, you should not have followed his advice," they are demanding an impossibility. For the Chief of the Delegation was at the same time the President of his country. And we could not refuse to listen to the President of the United States.

Finally when the Republican party in

America concludes by saying, "The interest of America and of the world alone guides us in objecting to the entire ideology of the Treaty; we do not wish to depart from our secular tradition of not concerning ourselves with European affairs," they should know that this noble thesis is effectively disproved by the facts of the case. They forget for example that one of Senator Lodge's principal reservations is made to the clause of the Treaty concerning Shantung. In the settlement of the Shantung affair there was no ideology, no League of Nations, no infraction of the Monroe Doctrine. In this one case the Peace Conference followed the brief, substantial and final practices of the old diplomacy. The Shantung Peninsula, which had been taken from the Chinese by the Germans and taken in turn from the Germans by the Japanese, is to be restored by the latter to the Chinese at the proper time and place. That is simple and clear. That has been decided contrary to President Wilson's wishes, for he would have preferred some more ethereal solution. It has

been decided at the express demand of France and England. It is one of those rare cases where the proper solution was made. However, the Republican party, which objected strongly to interfering in European affairs at any price, interfered in this Asiatic affair and, after having reproached Mr. Wilson for having interfered in the case of the Italians and the Jugo-Slavs, they reproached him for not having interfered in the case of the Chinese and Japanese.

Whatever may be said and done, the Battle of the Peace Treaty at Washington was, for a good part, a party struggle. In all party struggles there are principles, matters of pride, and bitter rancor; but all the contestants play politics. Politics started the battle; and politics has kept it going.

France will know how to hold even the scales of equity in the case of President Wilson, the college professor who could have been a great statesman. France cannot forget that he has been responsible for many pacifistic sophisms by which, even though she was victorious, she

WOODROW WILSON

might have been engulfed; but France will not forget two years of war when Woodrow Wilson fought her battle, aid without which she might have been conquered. And France will regret, in her love of art, that in the niche she had prepared in her Pantheon for the American President she cannot place a splendid marble statue.

CHAPTER V

THEODORE ROOSEVELT—A MAN

The first time I saw Colonel Roosevelt I was tempted to say to him what Pope Leo X said of Buonarroti: "*E un uomo terribile!*"—a terrible man!

This was in 1908 at the White House during the last days of Colonel Roosevelt's Presidency. He had done me the honor of asking me to sit down at his desk and for an hour I had been present, watching the bizarre stream of callers who passed by—three delegations, a Colonel, two members of Congress, a Governor, and an unknown man in weird trappings. Colonel Roosevelt had bowed out the delegation, slapped the Colonel on the back in a friendly way, been brusque to the Congressmen, listened to the Governor in silence and spoken first to one caller then to another, with

his customary accentuation that stressed one word in a phrase as if he wished to detach it from the rest:

"Senator, *very* glad to see you. Governor, who would have thought *that!* Sir, it is an *outrage*. A veritable *outrage*. Ladies, that is *charming*. Colonel, go see Taft; I *like* Taft."

When the turn of the strangely dressed person came, Colonel Roosevelt looked at him with a cold eye from under his scowling brows. But his devoted secretary, Mr. Loeb, spoke a few words in his ear and one saw the features of the President change as if by a miracle; his eyebrows ceased scowling, his eyes grew bright, and he rushed toward the strange visitor with both hands outstretched.

"By George! You have been hunting lions in Africa and you don't say so right away! You are the man in all the world who is most interesting to me. Tell me your story. No, I don't want to let you go. Come, how did you kill your lion?"

Yes, at that time he appeared to me an *homme terrible*. But since I have seen him

again in the course of the War, he seems more magnificent and more fine; I drop the adjective and term him—a man.

Colonel Roosevelt was the first to sound the rallying cry for American energy in 1914. The word “neutral” meant nothing but “coward” to him. He never pronounced the word without adding some bad sounding epithet, such as “coward,” “bleating sheep,” “sexless creature.” He almost always spoke of “our disgusting neutrality,” and his scorn of such a policy is illustrated in these indignant words:

“When those who guide the military policy of a state hold up to the soldiers of their army the Huns, and the terror once caused by the Huns, for their imitation, they thereby render themselves responsible for any Hunnish deed which may follow. The destruction of cities like Louvain and Dinant, the scientific vivisection of Belgium as a warning to other nations, the hideous wrongdoing to civilians, men, women and children in Belgium and northern France, in order thereby to terrorize the civilian population—all these deeds, and those

like them, done on the land, have now been paralleled by what has happened on the sea.

“In the teeth of these things, we earn as a nation measureless scorn and contempt if we follow the lead of those who exalt peace above righteousness, if we heed the voices of those feeble folk who bleat to high heaven that there is peace when there is no peace. For many months our government has preserved between right and wrong a neutrality which would have excited the emulous admiration of Pontius Pilate—the typical arch neutral of all time. We have urged as a justification for failing to do our duty in Mexico that to do so would benefit American dollars. Are we now to change faces and advance the supreme interest of American dollars as a justification for continuance in the refusal to do the duty imposed on us in connection with the world war?”

Yet the same Colonel Roosevelt, who could batter like a ram and overturn walls like a Samson, had the heart of a child and, sometimes, the poetry of a woman. When he spoke of France, he spoke of her with infinite sweet-

ness. I do not believe that my country has ever inspired more touching words than those I heard him deliver in New York at a banquet tendered to M. Jusserand:

“In Ambassador Jusserand I greet an old and valued friend. I greet a distinguished diplomat and man of letters, who, for the last twelve years, has rendered invaluable service both to his country and to ours. Moreover, I greet him in the way which he prizes most, for I greet him as representing the wonderful commonwealth, the marvelous French Republic, which stands forever as both the most charming and the most heroic figure among all the great nations of mankind. France embodies all of loveliness and all of valor; beauty is her handmaiden and strength her shield bearer, and the shining courage of her daughters has matched the courage of her dauntless sons. For three and a half terrible years she has walked, high of heart, through the valley of the shadow. Her body is in torture, but her forehead is alight with the beauty of the morning. Never in all history has there been such

steadfast loyalty in the doing of dangerous duty, such devotion to country, such splendor of service and of sacrifice. And great shall be her reward, for she has saved the soul of the world."

One can imagine his pride and joy when he finally saw dawn the day for which he had worked for three years with all the forces of his being—the day when America entered into the War. He forthwith addressed a terse dispatch to the Secretary of War offering the services of himself and his four sons for the defense of their country.

He received no answer. Or rather he received an answer when his four sons were accepted but his own services refused. Unwillingly he resigned himself to his fate and tried to serve his country in his own way. He wrote, he spoke, he pursued pacifists and traitors. Americans whose loyalty was doubtful found a tireless adversary in him.

One day Colonel Roosevelt arrived unexpectedly in a little town in Minnesota where there was a strong colony of German origin.

The leading citizen of this colony went to the railroad station and, with that tact which characterizes every good German, greeted the Ex-President in the German tongue. The crowd muttered, but Roosevelt never flinched.

"What are you saying, Teddy?" cried the bystanders. "We want to know what you say."

"That is easy," replied the Colonel in his most piercing voice. "I told this honorable gentleman that I do not find it inconvenient that he keeps his tongue German, but what he has got to do is make his heart American."

However, his seemingly tireless strength betrayed him for the first time when he had to undergo a severe surgical operation. One of his eyes failed completely. Colonel Roosevelt was in bed and, at that very time, one morning in 1918, a brutal telephone call announced that one of his sons, Captain Archie Roosevelt, had been severely wounded on the Lorraine front and that the French Government had granted him the Croix de Guerre for bravery. There was not a change in the sick man's expression,

not an alteration in his voice, and straightway he dictated this cablegram:

Archie, your wife and child are with me and we are all proud of you. Your War Cross is the most precious thing the family possesses.

Some days later, when Hindenburg was unrolling his first formidable offensive, when the hour was dark and when America learned that Pershing had gone to Foch and said "Take my army" and that Foch had accepted the offer, Roosevelt, still confined to his bed, took his pen and wrote these words which Plutarch would not disavow:

"At last, thank Heaven, comes the news that our little American army at the front has been put absolutely at the disposal of the French and English military leaders for use of any kind in the gigantic and terrible battle now being waged. All Americans who are proud of the great name of America will humbly and reverently thank Heaven that at any rate the army we have at the front is not to remain in the position of

an onlooker, but is to be put into the battle.

"The wanton and cruel bombardment of Paris, undertaken for no military reason and with its characteristic slaughter of women and children in a church, proves that the German barbarity is as deliberate and as infamous now as at the beginning of the war.

"The Allies in this battle are fighting for humanity and civilization. They are fighting the battle of the United States.

"Any man in the United States who at this time directly or indirectly expresses approval of or sympathy with Germany in this battle or in this war should be arrested and either shot, hung or imprisoned for life, according to the gravity of his offense.

"Thank Heaven that our sons and brothers are now to stand at Armageddon. Thank Heaven that American soldiers are now to fight in the great battle against the bestial foe of America and of mankind. Words count for little at this time and for nothing whatever except in so far as they are of help to the men of deeds who are at the front.

"It is these men at the front who are now making Americans, born and unborn, forever their debtors. They are the men who have paid with their bodies for their soul's desire. Let no one pity them, whatever their fate, for they have seen the mighty days and have risen level to the need of the mighty days.

"And let no one pity the wives and mothers and fathers whose husbands, lovers and sons now face death in battle for the mightiest of all high cases. Our hearts are wrung with sorrow and anxiety, but our heads are held aloft with pride.

"It is a terrible thing that our loved ones should face the great danger, but it would be a far more terrible thing if, whatever the danger, they were not treading the hard path of duty and honor."

No one knows what foreshadowing of a new misfortune the father felt, whose four sons were fighting in the allied ranks, when he wrote those words. They gave the pledge that this father would be a man of iron should one of his sons die. Which was exactly what hap-

pened some months later when Quentin Roosevelt fell among the forests of Château-Thierry with his heart pierced by a German bullet. The misfortune happened and the pledge was kept faithfully.

"Say that Quentin's mother regrets nothing and that I am very proud," Roosevelt said to those who brought him the news.

That very week I went to Colonel Roosevelt's house at Oyster Bay. I arrived in the morning and the Colonel kept me for lunch. There were about a dozen of us at the table, which was decorated, as usual, with flowers. In accordance with her husband's wish Mrs. Roosevelt had not put on mourning and during lunch Quentin Roosevelt's name was not mentioned, according to the American habit of not speaking of the dead. No allusion was made to his tragic end. The only visible reminder of him was a little flag fastened up in one of the windows of the room—the Roosevelt family's Service Flag with its red and white field on which shone four stars, three of them blue and one gold. The gold star stood

for the son who was dead, of whom they could well be proud.

After lunch the Colonel put his arm through mine and showed me an etching that was almost hidden in the shadows of the dining room. I could scarcely make out the title of the picture, which was in German—"Frederick the Great presents standards to his troops." The Colonel burst forth with one of his legendary shouts of laughter. His face frowned heavily in formidable wrath as he said to me:

"Look at that closely. The Kaiser gave me that in the days when he was giving me presents and when we exchanged something besides insults. He sent me that etching saying 'That it represented a deed of one of his ancestors.' One of his ancestors! Everybody knows that Frederick the Great left no children. But that is the Kaiser all over. I ought to have been able to size him up then and there, as I finally did a little bit later at Potsdam, when we had a long talk together, and he said, 'A Kaiser should not make friends. A Kaiser

should only make dupes.' That is something Frederick said, and it describes our man."

Colonel Roosevelt became animated as he talked. The sadness we felt at luncheon, when sad thoughts were with us all, vanished. "The Colonel was going into action" and I thought of him as he was when I first knew him, and in accordance with the popular image of "Teddy." His blue eyes were still essentially young and expressive, although half closed to the light. He hurled forth from time to time lightning shafts of anger and wrath. Instinctively he had to clench his fists and strike at something, even if it was empty air. His mouth opened wide and showed his large, crowded teeth. His neck was always bent forward a little. His voice was remarkably clear, brief and incisive with curious inflections when he tried to soften it, because even then it still growled.

It was a bright summer's day at Sagamore Hill, and below the dark curtain of trees and green lawns stretched the blue waters of Long Island Sound, spotted here and there by the

smoke from passing steamers. In the distance rose the hills of Connecticut. It presented a fascinating scene, bringing you near the beauty of the divine and far from the evil that is in man. But Colonel Roosevelt apparently paid no attention to the scenery and plunged into past history.

“In this very room where you are standing, on the 6th of August, 1914, was announced an attaché of the German Embassy at Washington. I had him brought in and he actually said to me, ‘I come on behalf of His Imperial Majesty. War has broken out and Germany depends on her friends. His Majesty hopes that he can count you among them. He has not forgotten the friendship he has always had for you and he hopes that you, for your part, have not forgotten the welcome extended you when you came to Potsdam.’ I listened without flinching and contented myself with replying, ‘Thank His Imperial Majesty for having sent you and tell him that he has reason to count on the faithfulness of my memory. And tell him that I can forget how I was received

by the Kaiser at Potsdam and Berlin no more than I can forget how I was received by King Albert at Brussels.' And after that the attaché clicked his heels, saluted and went out."

One of us, mindful of past history, asked the question:

"As a matter of fact, Colonel Roosevelt, when you were in the White House, as President of the United States you had some serious difficulty with Germany, did you not?"

"Yes," replied Colonel Roosevelt, "I almost had war with Germany and this is a lesson; you never have war when you are not afraid to make it. It was about a year after I had become President that Germany, who even then was trying to extend her power, had cast an envious eye on Venezuela, which was then under Castro's régime. Everything was ready to put the little country up at auction and transform it into a German colony, when I decided it was time to intervene. One fine day, after I had let John Hay, who was Secretary of State at that time, send a certain number of diplomatic notes, I had the German ambassa-

dor come to me and I said to him, straight out from the shoulder :

“ ‘This Venezuela affair has lasted long enough now. I can’t allow it to go on and come to a point which would be dangerous for this country. Besides, I understand that you have a squadron of your warships cruising in those latitudes. Will you give me an immediate and clear explanation of all this?’ ”

“The Ambassador replied that he did not think he had the right to open any discussion on such a serious matter.

“ ‘Very well,’ I said, ‘since you cannot discuss such a question, will you be good enough to tell your government that within ten days from now we must submit it to arbitration—otherwise, at the end of the ten days, I shall be obliged to send Dewey down there.’ ”

“ ‘Mr. President,’ answered the Ambassador, ‘I cannot send my government such a message. Surely you are not taking into consideration what it would mean.’ ”

“ ‘Do you think that it will mean war?’ I insisted.

“‘I do not care to say what I think.’

“‘Well, if you think that it means war, you can also think that the way I have just mentioned is the only way you will be able to avoid war with us.’ And I pointed to the map of the United States.

“‘The Ambassador retired and came back a week later. I asked him whether or not he had sent my message to his government and what the answer was. He told me that he had not dared to send such a message.

“‘Very well,’ I said to him, ‘I am going to order Dewey to get under way in forty-eight hours.’

“‘That is appalling,’ exclaimed the Ambassador.

“‘It certainly will be appalling for your country,’ I replied.

“Thirty-six hours later the German ambassador returned with a broad smile on his lips to inform me that he had received formal instructions from the German Government to submit our Venezuela case to arbitration. Nevertheless this extraordinary ambassador

was convinced that I was only trying to bluff him and that I had never given the order to Admiral Dewey to be in readiness for any eventuality. The Ambassador wanted to make sure about it and one day he asked the Admiral:

“‘Is it true that the President gave you orders to get under way within two hours following the receipt of those orders?’

“‘No,’ Dewey said, ‘he did not give me those orders.’

“‘Ah,’ the delighted Ambassador exclaimed, ‘I was sure of it; Roosevelt did not tell the truth.’

“‘No,’ replied the imperturbable Dewey. ‘Roosevelt did not speak the truth. He never gave orders to get under way within two hours; he gave orders to get under way in two minutes.’ ”

And a good laugh shook Colonel Roosevelt’s shoulders as he recounted this historic *mot*. But the laughter did not last long and in a voice that had become grave again, in the tones he could render so persuasive, he continued:

“Bluff. That is all the Germans know how to do and it is all they believe in. You can’t govern by bluffing. You can only govern in one way—‘speak softly and carry a big stick.’ ”

It was late afternoon and in the distance the Connecticut Hills reddened in the light from the setting sun. Through the half open door that led into the dining room I saw a table which had just been laid with glasses and good things to eat. One of us, a little astonished, looked at the table, and the Colonel, although he could scarcely see, noticed this look.

“Yes,” he told us, “that is for my boys. I am waiting for them.”

His boys were the soldiers in a near-by camp.

I took my leave and the Colonel followed me to the porch. I don’t know why I had a feeling that I should never see Colonel Roosevelt again. I offered him my hands. He grasped them and held them in his.

“Good-by, Colonel,” I said. “I don’t know if I shall see you again. Have you some message to give me for France?”

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

This time the man of iron trembled and in a voice that was almost low, in which I felt an anguish of emotion, he replied:

“No, I have no message for France. I have given her the best I have. However, if they talk to you about me over there, tell them that I only regret one thing—that I could not give myself.”

CHAPTER VI

COLONEL HOUSE—A WISE COUNSELOR

He is better than a faithful adviser; he is a loyal friend.

Colonel House is one of the rare Americans who foresaw the inevitability of the War. He came to Europe in the spring of 1914 and he has a picturesque manner of describing his trip. He says:

“At every step I took I got the impression that I was walking on a volcano. In Berlin, the Kaiser did nothing but enumerate the chances in his favor against his eventual adversaries. ‘England,’ he said, ‘would not fight. France was beaten in advance. Russia would be beaten in the end.’ The German people reflected the same state of things. Everywhere in Berlin there were shooting galleries which were empty neither day nor night. Mr.

Gerard, the American Ambassador, took me to one of them and I asked for a pistol to do a little shooting. Everybody looked at me in astonishment, for no one in Berlin was shooting with a pistol; every one was shooting with a shotgun or a rifle. That is only a detail, but how suggestive it is when you recall what was going to take place a few weeks later. I went to Paris. I tried to communicate my disquietude to my French friends. But France was at that time in the midst of a ministerial crisis—in two weeks she had had two or three different ministers of foreign affairs. In a word, I found no one to talk to. I went to England and there I saw many officials. Their minds were positively uniform; they were as one in telling me 'Relations between England and Germany were better than they had been in a long time. I told them what I had seen; I also told them what I was afraid of. They said, 'We have Lichnowsky for an ambassador and Bethmann-Hollweg for Minister of Foreign Affairs. With them in office, there is assurance of tranquillity. There may be danger

if von Tirpitz gets in power. And then——!’ Grey, with whom I had some long conversations, talked to me almost entirely about the Irish question. Only on the 22d of July, 1914, a few hours before I sailed, was any allusion made to the Austro-Serb question when an official remarked, ‘I am worried about the Austro-Serb relations.’ I was scarcely half way across the Atlantic when the wireless announced that War had been declared by Austria on Serbia. The little speck had grown very big. And I had not left the steamer in New York before the newspapers announced general war in Europe. The speck had become a tempest.”

Colonel House loves France and understands France. He remarked one day:

“France possesses the two virtues of the soldier and of civilization. At one and the same time she is the cradle of world civilization and the cradle of the greatest race of warriors in the history of the world.” And he added, “In America we have instincts which are more warlike than is generally believed.

If we have had fewer wars than other countries, the reason is that we have no one to fight with. But the impulse to fight was so strong that we fought among ourselves for four years."

The advice and support of Colonel House never failed France. Before America declared war on Germany he had worked softly and silently to render American neutrality benevolent toward France. After America declared war he toiled incessantly to render the American alliance an active one. Every time some difficulty came up he intervened, and every time he intervened a solution was found for the problem in question.

I recall especially one delicate case when France made an appeal to Colonel House and he showed all the wisdom of his intellect and all the resources of his heart.

This happened in June, 1918, at the time of Germany's farthest advance into French territory. Hindenburg's advance guard was at Château-Thierry. The French Government had conceived an idea of reestablishing the

former Oriental Front by bringing about military intervention by Japan and the United States in Siberia, in order to relieve the terrible pressure which had been brought to bear on the Western Front at the very gates of Paris. M. Marcel Delanney, who had formerly been Prefect of the Seine and who had just been appointed French Ambassador to Japan, had received orders from the French Government to pass through Washington on his way to Tokio and to attempt there to obtain ratification for this scheme of intervention by the two nations. M. Delanney thought rightly that the best way to bring this about would be to get Colonel House on his side the very first thing. Therefore, he asked for an appointment with President Wilson's confidential adviser immediately after his arrival in New York.

M. Delanney's request was granted and the interview took place on the 11th of June in Colonel House's charming summer place at Magnolia, on the north shore of Massachusetts, just beyond Boston. I was present and I heard certain wise and confident words come from

Colonel House's thin lips. M. Delanney stated his case:

"I have come to you before proceeding to my diplomatic post on account of instructions from my government. France is more resolute and stronger morally than ever before; but she is suffering physically. The enemy is 60 kilometers from Paris with one foot in each of the two main avenues of invasion—the valley of the Marne and the valley of the Oise. There must be a let-up in the pressure that is being brought to bear on France. This let-up would be brought about if the Oriental Front, which disappeared when Russia collapsed, were reëstablished. It can be reëstablished by Japanese intervention only. I am going to do my best to bring about this intervention, but I can do it only with the consent and coöperation of Washington."

Colonel House replied, "I have never stopped considering the question of Japanese intervention. When I was in France in December last, I personally took up the problem and went over it with the Japanese. They stated that, as far

as their fleet was concerned, they could not send warships into European waters because that would destroy the homogeneousness of their maritime forces. As far as their army was concerned, they were well disposed towards intervening on the Asiatic Coast of the Pacific, but they declared that, if the plan was to push on further and to penetrate as far as the Urals, merely guarding the line of communication of the Trans-Siberian Railroad would use up almost all their troops. In short, we have been unable to come to any practical conclusion with the Japanese in respect to intervention in Siberia. Besides, there is a question whether or not the drawbacks of such a military operation would not be greater than its advantages, and whether or not it would not drive the Russians into the arms of Germany. There is a question whether this would not be a gamble and if we do not risk losing more than we gain by this gamble."

M. Delanney was tenacious and he had imperative instructions. He insisted and mentioned President Wilson's name.

"If we do not try everything in order to win the war," he said, "French public opinion could ask whether or not President Wilson were not responsible for a possible failure."

But the President's faithful friend, Colonel House, protested that the President was as determined as any one else to go to any length to win the War. No one had the right to doubt his resolution and his energy. The President, starting from different premises of thought on the War, had come to the same conclusion as the rest of the world. He believed that the War would be won on the Western Front and that, consequently, it was necessary for all the Allies to make their efforts there. M. Delanney persisted and mentioned Clémenceau's name:

"M. Clémenceau gave me this instruction when he received me before I sailed from France: 'See President Wilson. Tell him what the situation is. Tell him we will do nothing without his consent and approval. But tell him also that he will give a wrong impression and cause disquiet if, rightly or wrongly,

we believe that the opposition to Japanese intervention comes from him.' "

"Well then," Colonel House replied gravely, "see the President, talk to him, lay the question before him. Ask him point blank if he is unalterably opposed to Japanese intervention and the reestablishment of the Oriental Front. You will see what he will answer."

Then Colonel House said, with that clearness and that gift for realizing facts which make a great adviser of him in the most noble meaning of the word:

"In order to put an end once for all to all this talk and to pass on to action I suggest, after you have seen and consulted the President,

1. That four of you hold a conference in Washington—you, Count Ishii, the Japanese Ambassador, Lord Reading, the English Ambassador, and M. Jusserand, the French Ambassador.
2. That you four draw up a practical plan for intervention, decide upon the points where this intervention can be carried out, the manner in which it

shall be effected, and the number of troops which should take part in it. To my way of thinking the intervention could take place at the same time in the North of Russia, at Archangel, and on the Murman Coast, although it is stated that the difficulties of obtaining supplies would be considerable there. It could also take place in Siberia by means of the Trans-Siberian Railroad, using, at the beginning at least, as small a percentage of Japanese as possible and as strong a percentage of Allies as possible.

3. That, after you have agreed upon a practical plan for intervention, you address identical papers to your governments, submit this plan to them, and obtain replies to it.
4. That you submit the plan upon which you have all agreed to President Wilson for his consideration and approval."

An infinitely precise reply to a pressing demand! Colonel House did not reply by words, but by a concrete, tangible, swift proposal. M. Delanney understood this and thanked Colonel House warmly when he said at the end of the interview:

“You are not only a warm friend; you are a sincere friend.”

Four days later M. Delanney was received at the White House by President Wilson, almost at the same time as he received General Berthelot, whose military mission was of a somewhat similar nature. To both Berthelot and Delanney, President Wilson made the same reply, “No, on principle he was not unalterably opposed to Japanese and Allied intervention in Siberia and to the reestablishment of the Oriental Front, although he personally believed that the War would be won on the Western Front, and that it would probably be won that very year. But a practical and detailed plan of intervention had never yet been submitted to him. If they brought him a plan which General Foch, who was Commander in Chief

of all the Allied Armies, approved, he would at once take it under consideration."

This reply was as precise as it was categorical. But the plan the President asked for was never submitted to him. It was not even drawn up, and the four ambassadors never even held their conference to lay its foundation.

If I have recounted this incident at length, I do it not only to throw into relief the fine and loyal figure that is Colonel House, but also in order to show how greatly the frightful war, from which we have emerged victorious through the genius of our leaders and the heroism of the soldiers, was mismanaged by various ministries. They moved at cross purposes, without method, without logic, and without coherence. They forged swords to release the world and then, when the swords were red, let them drop into the sea of oblivion. There were many neglected opportunities, useless efforts; lost appeals to friends or allies which were remembered scarcely an hour after they were issued. There was a lamentable neuras-

thenia in the very heart of the allied organism, at the point in the structure where the nervous influx should have been most vigorous and most firm.

M. André Tardieu—and no one will deny the services he rendered at Washington during the last eighteen months of the War—could cite better than any one else many facts analogous to that of the Japanese Intervention in Siberia and show how difficult it was to carry out the instructions, changeable as the sands of the desert, that emanated from the ministers in Paris. Notably he could cite this cablegram received on the 24th of March, 1918, when the Battle of Amiens was raging: "We need from fifteen to twenty thousand tons of pork, lard and dried vegetables at once, to replace supplies lost by the (German) offensive. Please expedite by all means." M. Tardieu took the necessary steps with his customary decision. He obtained the supplies from the American Government and ships from the English, although there was a scarcity of tonnage. Then, when everything was ready and

the loaded ships were on the point of departure, a new cablegram arrived: 'Useless to follow out our orders.' The ships had to be unloaded and excuses made to the Americans and the English.

Or he could repeat that other astonishing story. When M. Tardieu happened to be in Paris in December, 1917, the Minister of War said to him, "We have immediate and urgent need of two thousand Vickers mitrailleuses for our aëroplanes. Can't you get them in the United States?" M. Tardieu hastened to a steamer, crossed the Atlantic and in a week obtained an option on the necessary two thousand mitrailleuses at excellent terms. Then he cabled to Paris: "Shall I buy?" Three weeks later Paris answered: "No. We are not ready yet." Then two weeks later came another cable from Paris: "Useless. We have no credit." Finally, when M. Tardieu had canceled the order, came another cable: "We must have them right away. Why are you waiting to send them?"

Such happenings discourage the best good

will and enervate the most solid alliance. But Colonel House met every test; his friendship for France was as solid as granite. After as well as before the incident of Japanese Intervention, he strove with all his will and with all his strength to render American coöperation rapid, decisive and effective. At the Peace Conference he continued his work, as adviser and friend of the President, modestly and in silence. He smoothed over many difficult situations, he made it possible for his government to avoid the consequences of such stupidity, and he rendered many services to France.

Colonel House told me every time I went to see him in the little room in the Hotel Crillon where he pushed abnegation to the point of remaining day and night so that he could reply immediately to Mr. Wilson's telephone calls:

"All the influence I have I am using for quick action. The best treaties are those which have been concluded rapidly and executed at once. Too much discussion and delay may result in a treaty that no one will want to sign or even read."

COLONEL HOUSE

These few words have often come back to me during the year that has passed since they were spoken. And they must often have recalled themselves to Colonel House in his country house at Magnolia, where the faithful and grateful thoughts of France follow him.

CHAPTER VII

AMBASSADOR JUSSERAND AND AMERICA

In the marshes of contemporary ignorance certain frogs continually croak that France has never known how to make her worth appreciated by foreign countries and that she is utterly ignorant of the art of propaganda. "Ah," they mutter, "if we had acted energetically, the United States would not have waited three years to join us in the War." That is wrong and it is silly. Silly because, if France had tried to "Bernstorffize" America, she would have descended to the same depths to which Germany fell; wrong because France acted with discretion, dignity and pride—the only proper way to act when France is concerned.

One name cannot fail to be mentioned in this connection—that of M. Jules Jusserand, who

has been the French Ambassador to the United States for about fifteen years.

We know that the man and his character are well suited to his post at Washington since, in America, there is a mystical affection for France. Americans love France for what she is and for what she is not; for what she has done in the past and for what she will never do in the future. The Americans love France—that says everything. The Ambassador who represents France at Washington has placed himself so high in the American esteem by the manner in which he serves his country that, little by little, he has transformed America's mystical affection for France into an almost religious cult. For eight years M. Jusserand has been saying to America that France is not only a land of laughter and song; that under her brilliant evening gown beats a generous, valiant heart, a heart molded by centuries of noble and wise discipline. And America has believed him, for M. Jusserand knows how to temper his words to the soul of America.

War broke out, and the French heart, of which the Ambassador had given guarantees to a hundred million Americans, showed its true virility and courage. Without doubt France was bleeding and France was being slaughtered, but even in the midst of this blood and this slaughter France did not weaken; France did not bend her knee in submission.

M. Jusserand never once debased himself during the years of the War. Every man who cherishes in his soul France as an ideal will be grateful to Jules Jusserand for that as long as he lives. A nation lowers itself when it goes begging for aid and assistance; it lowers itself when it makes a great show and "bluffs"; it lowers itself when it stops reporters in the street and gives out foolish or extravagant statements to them; it lowers itself when it buys up men's consciences; it lowers itself when it acts for thirty months the way Count Johann von Bernstorff acted, degrading his country in the eyes of the world and of history and not even justifying his degradation

by succeeding in it. M. Jules Jusserand was the proud, impeccable worker who lends himself to no compromise, trafficking neither in the greatness nor in the disaster of his country, who, in the day of his success and the success of his cause, could point to the shield of his Embassy and say, "See. There is no need of cleaning off the mud to make that shine forth."

Men with strong souls are privileged to impose their methods and their conception of affairs on every one who comes near them. M. Jusserand's immediate and distant subordinates, members of the Embassy and consuls, assistants and anonymous envoys from France, all followed the course he laid down. France did not inundate America with pamphlets advertising the superiority of French civilization the way the superiority of a machine is advertised; she did not buy up newspaper columns that were for sale nor attempt to corrupt the public press; she certainly did not resort to any makers of public opinion who may have been influential, but were certainly discredited;

she did not organize meetings with a hired crowd where musicians played national airs that were paid for. France did not scheme, France did not threaten, France did not plot. France did not lie. She did not even profit by begging charity from that tremendous burst of pity and generosity which influenced a large part of America to lean over mutilated, bleeding, mourning France, to offer her a helping hand.

No, France did not do that, but she did a great many things.

There was no American citizen, no matter how humble he was, who had written to show his affection for France, who did not receive an autographed letter of thanks from the highest representative of the French Republic in America. There was not a little town, no matter how far away it was, which did not have come to it a French representative every time it expressed a desire to hear some one talk about France. To huge cities and little towns, from the Pacific slope to regions begrimed with Middle Western factory smoke, from

Louisiana to Pennsylvania—the French message went everywhere. Unostentatiously, without the beating of drums, without even the transatlantic cables knowing it, the message of France was heard throughout America.

During the winter which preceded America's entry into the War, it was often possible to take part in such a scene, staged in a club, a theater or gymnasium. Most often the French envoy spoke in a church and, in the presence of an audience varying in number from two hundred to three thousand people, under the auspices of the mayor of the town or a clergyman, he would tell the Americans that France was bleeding. He would tell them that France did not want, had not prepared for, had not declared this War which was more terrible than any war history had ever recorded, but that she would fight it to the bitter end because it was better to die than to live in the midst of dishonored humanity, and that humanity would be dishonored if Prussia were ever victorious. He would tell them how France was fighting with her young men, her

old men, her women and her children; with all her heart, soul and strength. The French representative would cite some of history's documentary evidence—that brazen lie of August 3d when Baron von Schoen announced that "French aviators having bombed Nuremburg and the railway, there is a state of war between France and Germany"; or that monstrous declaration of Bethmann-Hollweg on August 4th, in open session of the Reichstag, that "evidently in violating Belgium neutrality Germany violated International Law but Germany was in a state of necessity, and necessity knows no law"; Belgium's immortal reply to Germany in 1914; or the impudent letter of Herr Walther Rathenau—that German functionary who to-day directs the Imperial War establishment—who wrote to the *Lokal Anzeiger*, "We began the War a year too soon. When we shall have obtained a German Peace, we must prepare a new industrial mobilization for the next War, and, this time, we must not begin too soon."

Whether the representative of France spoke

in Boston, Cleveland, St. Louis, or Portland, on the banks of the Mississippi or of Lake Michigan, in a club or in a church, the faces of his audience were lighted with a strange fire when they heard those words, they cheered and they applauded. And as if it were the only natural thing in the world to do, the presiding officer, who was usually the leading manufacturer of the town, a local minister or teacher, would close the meeting with the words: "We did not know these things and we are glad they are being taught us. But we did know that France was our sister whom we cherished and loved tenderly. Out to France goes all the warm good will of our hearts, all the profound admiration of our souls."

And the New Rochelle Huguenots, Brooklyn Jews, Columbia students, St. Paul factory workers, New Orleans Creoles, Kansas farmers, Chicago merchants, San Francisco suffragettes signed by their applause the pact of alliance as they shouted their cry of love: "France! France!"

Tangible, practical, material results followed

these meetings. After many of them were formed those organizations which enlisted any number of young men who went overseas as ambulance drivers on the Western Front, driving those marvelous little American automobiles which went under shell fire to fight with the German guns for French lives. After one of these meetings came the solemn manifesto of the New York Jews, with their chief rabbi at their head, repudiating German Kultur and proclaiming their grateful attachment to England and to France. After one of these meetings was drawn up a project which has already cost American philanthropy millions of dollars in sending the American students, who formerly went to Bonn or Heidelberg to Paris, Rennes or Nancy to finish their studies.

Especially after these meetings would come the formal consent, without reservations, to the return of Alsace to the pale of French territory.

For why should we conceal the fact that the question of Alsace-Lorraine, the justice of which was so clear, so luminous to France, was

difficult for America to understand? This was not America's fault; it was the fault of France. In the last few years of peace as well as in the first few months of war France was too sure that, in speaking of her lost provinces, it was sufficient for her to affirm her right to take them back. This was a proven mistake, for the outside world is made up of men who are deaf and men who are logical. Justice must be proclaimed in a loud voice to the deaf and proven to the logical. Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, the President of Columbia University, said to me one day:

"Justice can be proved just like anything else in the world. France must not neglect to prove the justice of her cause."

Dr. Butler told me that when I had completed a lecture on the question of Alsace-Lorraine before Columbia University. I had spoken about our stolen, sacred lands with the best fire that was in me and with emotion I could scarcely restrain. However, I had felt that the audience was not won over to my cause, that certain doubts and objections remained in

the public mind. I had the explanation of this a few minutes later when a professor came up to me at the end of the lecture and said:

“Yes, we all know that Alsace was rent from you by force in 1871 contrary to the will of its people. But how did you yourself acquire it before that? Why does France only speak of the history of Alsace-Lorraine since 1871?”

I was neither astonished nor indignant. Experience should be formed by external contact; the objections of dilettantes as well as the hesitations of friends should serve to purify one's faith in one's cause. It is necessary to accept every lesson. Since I was asked to mention the history of Alsace-Lorraine before 1871, I mentioned it. When I spoke two weeks later before the University of South Carolina, in the presence of the governors of three states and of many ministers, lawyers and professors, I made a change in the way I proved France's right to Alsace-Lorraine. I spoke as a lawyer instead of as an actor.

I cited the referendum of Mülhausen, rendered in 1798, toward the end of the 18th

century, which was probably the first referendum in Europe. I described the scene when the Council of the Five Hundred received a delegation from Mülhausen that came to demand formally the incorporation of their city with France. I also described the vote of the French Assembly, how they sent a commission to Alsace, the burying of the insignia of the past, and the enveloping of the standard of Mülhausen in a tricolor sheath bearing this inscription, "The Republic of Mülhausen rests in the bosom of the French Republic." That is the way France acquired-part of Alsace.

I cited an instance still farther back, in 1648, and I read in public the Treaty of Westphalia which was signed not with Germany but with the Emperor of Austria—for the greatest part of the Alsatian territory belonged to the House of Austria. Article 75 of that treaty reads, "The Emperor, on behalf of himself and the entire most sovereign House of Austria, cedes the rights, properties, domains, possessions and jurisdictions which until this time belonged to the Empire and the House of Austria, in

the town of Brissach and the Landgravate of Upper and Lower Alsace, and transfers each and all of them to the most Christian King and to the Kingdom of France. He cedes these *in perpetuum*, without reservations, with the full jurisdiction and superiority of sovereignty forever, so that no Emperor will be able or ought, at any time, to pretend to or usurp any right or power over the said country." Thus France acquired the rest of Alsace.

Then I cited examples still farther back in the past. I went back ninety-six years further when I spoke of Lorraine and read another treaty, signed at Friedwald in Hesse in 1552 by the Protestant Princes of Germany, who then declared in proper terms that, "They found it equitable that the King of France, as quickly as possible, should take possession of the cities which, for all time had belonged to the Emperor, although the German language was not in use there—that is to say, the cities of Toul in Lorraine and of Metz and of Verdun." Toul and Verdun, cities which never ceased being French for a single day! Metz,

which was to remain in German hands for only a few months after I spoke! No more in one than in the other was the German language in use in the sixteenth century; the statement to that effect was signed by the German Princes. That is how Metz became French.

This time I had not observed my audience long before I saw that it was won to our cause. Then they proved it to me. They clapped their hands and shouted. The dry enumeration of historical facts carries more weight than the periods of rhetoric with the American public, which is moved by sentimental considerations but also by reality. Truth poured its light over the shadows of the past. Dr. Currel, the President of the University, remarked to me, "Look at your audience. It's stamping its feet with enthusiasm. But why, when France has such arguments at her disposal, does she not produce them?"

Why?

This proof of the justice of the French claim to Alsace and Lorraine, tirelessly repeated by such men as Professor Baldensperger in uni-

versity circles, Abbé Flynn in Catholic circles, by my friend and fellow-worker M. Marcel Knecht in chambers of commerce and clubs, and by our officers who were serving as instructors in military establishments, ended by convincing America.

Some splendid American intellects understood immediately how the question of Alsace-Lorraine contained the germ of life or death for the peace of the world and for human justice. Their agreement with us was precious. Mr. Frank H. Simonds, probably the foremost journalist of the United States, found this perfect formula to express the question of Alsace-Lorraine: "There is no difference between the French territories which Germany has held for forty-four months and the French territories she has held for forty-four years. If Germany is to hold Metz she might as well hold Lille; her claim to Cambrai is as good in right as her claim to Strasburg. France asks nothing but her own—that taken three years and a half ago and that taken forty-four years ago, in each case with the same defiance of Jus-

tice, Right and Humanity.” Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, a splendid orator, perhaps the best popular speaker in the United States, found this formula for the case: “Alsace is the Belgium of 1871. Belgium is the Alsace of 1914.” Senator Henry Cabot Lodge exclaimed in Boston on the 14th of July, 1918, “There is no peace unless Alsace-Lorraine is restored to France, because there will be no peace without Justice.” And President Wilson also shared this view.

We must do full justice to President Wilson, discretionary arbiter of the peace of the world, because from the very first his conscience protested against the injustice of 1871. At the beginning of the war, while America was still neutral, he said to M. Jusserand, “The next peace must not create another Alsace-Lorraine.”

Later, when he formulated his famous fourteen points, he was even more precise, and in his Message to Congress he declared, “The wrong done to France by Prussia in 1871, in the matter of Alsace-Lorraine, which has unsettled the peace of the world for fifty years

should be righted in order that peace may once more be made secure in the interests of all." But the influence exercised on him by M. Jusserand and the influence exercised on all America by France brought the President to show himself even more categorical. On the 14th of July, 1918, when he received on the presidential yacht *Mayflower* the Alsatian delegation on its way to Washington's Tomb at Mount Vernon, the President said to M. Seltzer, the treasurer of the Alsace-Lorraine Association of America:

"Monsieur Seltzer, it is useless for us to speak of the question of Alsace-Lorraine. Alsace-Lorraine is coming back to France."

I have often asked myself whether America would have understood the question of Alsace-Lorraine and would have possessed such a sympathetic comprehension of France if it had not been for M. Jusserand and the great work he accomplished toward these ends. And just as often as I have asked myself this question I have answered it in the negative. And I have also asked myself whether or not similar work

should not be continued, to-day, to-morrow, and in the future, for the various economic, financial and political problems on which depends the relief of France. This question I have answered in the affirmative, with the reservation that the same man should direct this work, and with the special proviso that the French Government understand that it does no good to send missionaries, lecturers and investigators to America who do not speak the English language. The secret of all propaganda in any country lies in speaking the language of that country and loving that country.

France can still do a great deal in America. It is the law of humanity's work that there is always something to be done for a people as well as for individual men. But do not say that nothing has been done. Following the precept Waldeck-Rousseau laid down toward the end of his life, "Do not ceaselessly turn against yourself the sting of your most bitter censure." Noble, worthy and great things have been done. Wherever a Frenchman coming from Paris sets his foot in America he will see that, in

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spite of the unnecessary things certain other Frenchmen have done, the Americans love, respect and admire France. And from the height of the mountains of the ideal, whence we contemplate human events, we can gaze with pride across the expanse of America, whence three million men came to our aid—this expanse of America which the dark shadows of the past overshadow once again, but where the fine, infinitely brilliant splendor of the American deeds done in France will last forever.

CHAPTER VIII

THE WORLD PASSES IN REVIEW

There are no statues in the Pantheon, for individual men have no right to a place there. But there are paintings; for the great scenes of history have a place here. It was one of history's veritably great scenes which enrolled itself before my dazzled eyes on the Fourth of July, 1918, the day when the United States celebrates the anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. This scene has remained fixed in my mind as one which was at the same time great and unheard of, like one of those famous scenes which Nineveh, Babylon or Rome conceived in the height of their pride.

On the Fourth of July, 1918—when we were at the turning point in the War—America had decided that all the world's races of which she

is composed should pass in review. She had decided that there should be an enormous parade containing men from all the peoples of the earth, and that this parade, marching from sunrise to sunset should traverse the entire length of New York, should pass by the marble palaces on Fifth Avenue under the proud gaze of enthusiastic crowds. America had decided to offer this prodigious spectacle to the world. And it was, in fact, a prodigious spectacle.

The sun had risen in a cloudless sky adding the glory of Nature's halo to the spectacle. Behind the Arch at Washington Square were massed men, women and children carrying banners and pennants, with bands of music playing everywhere. These were the figures in the monstrous parade. Yesterday they had been children of Bohemia, Poland, Hungary, Germany, China and Assyria, to-day they were citizens of the United States. They came originally from every corner of the globe and now, without any compulsion, they affirmed their loyalty to the country of their adoption. They

came to pledge their faith in the cause of liberty for which the world was bleeding.

Eight o'clock struck and the parade started.

First came the races of Asia—Armenian men wearing the casques of the Crusaders with great white feathers; Armenian women whose hair, the color of ebony, fell over their red silk robes; Assyrians with their copper colored faces; Libyans with their thin bodies; Chinese wearing the blue silk pantaloons that have been made familiar by many pictures; Anamites dragging behind them a cardboard pagoda that could not help looking surprised at being the neighbor of reënforced concrete buildings; Japanese carrying little canes over their shoulders from which hung the Stars and Stripes. All that crowd of many nations was America; and all that crowd rolled its majestic motley forward, up into Fifth Avenue.

The races of the New World passed by—Bolivia's placard proudly recalled that she was the first South American country to declare war on Germany. The Mexicans marched by with their scarlet shirts and broad brimmed

felt hats. Panama followed, depicting by an allegorical chariot one of the great triumphs of civilization—the Panama Canal. Then came Cuba, who owed her liberty to the United States; Argentina, Peru, Chile and Uruguay, forming a single block of human beings, the darkness of the dense throng relieved by the blue banners it carried. All that was still America; for there are hundreds of thousands of people who have come from South America to North America and established their dwellings in the great Republic that shelters all the lesser Republics of the South under its protecting wing.

Next came the enslaved races—Czechs, Poles, Slavs and Bohemians wearing gray uniforms with green velvet collars. The Czechs were especially impressionistic as they passed by in thousands—old men, women and children proclaiming to the full light of day their passionate desire to live in freedom or to die. The old men carried banners of gold cloth on which black eagles stood out in profile. The young girls were dressed in white nurses' uni-

forms. They had bound their blond hair under the nurse's classic cap—and they unfurled a pennant bearing these words, "Soon we shall be by the side of our French sisters." And all these people belonged especially to America; for every one who suffers, is oppressed or is in need has come to ask of America life, health, liberty and hope.

Noonday sounded from St. Patrick's Cathedral. The parade still marched by. The neutral peoples passed—Danes, Swedes, Spaniards and Norwegians. As the Swedes went by they chanted a dignified song recalling that 241 years ago they landed in America at Delaware Bay. The Norwegians replied to this that the first white man who landed on American soil was Leif Ericson, a native of Norway. And the Norwegians recalled with melancholy pride that, although Norway was a neutral country, 830 of her ships had already been sunk in this war.

Russians from the Carpathian region bore this inscription on a banner, "We ask aid from America. We are with the Allies heart and

soul." Then came the Finns, proudly rejoicing in the fact that they had 25,000 carpenters actually at work in American shipyards on vessels for the American fleet. The Swiss followed carrying their red standard with its white cross.

The citizens of the allied countries marched by—Scotch with their bagpipes; English wearing Sepoy helmets; young Greek maidens dressed in white; innumerable Italians, crowded in by thousands, grouped behind hundreds of banners and dragging countless flower-decked chariots; there were Portuguese, Canadians.

And then came our own France.

France of yesterday! France of to-day! France of to-morrow! For there can be only one France. A man can become a Frenchman if he is not one; he can never cease to be a Frenchman once he has been one. In a few groups drawn up in narrow lines we represented all France, as we passed by on that day. Marines and Chasseurs Alpains—fighting France; professors and teachers—France the

teacher; hospital directors and presidents of benevolent societies—France that suffers; and at the head of the Chasseurs Alpains strode a chaplain with a cross on his breast and a green and yellow fourragère on his shoulder—France that believes. Two chariots added their symbols to all the others; the chariot of the “Marseillaise,” by which one dies; and the chariot of Alsace, for which one dies.

Applause which seemed shaken from the bowels of the earth greeted France along the entire line of march. This was the most magnificent applause which had ever sounded forth under American skies, because it was composed of love and respect, of admiration and piety. At no time in her long history has France received such acclamation. Never in the future, no matter what she may accomplish, will she receive like applause. From the height of her heroism France at that moment dominated the world.

And behind France, after France, came Germany. Was it chance or was it premeditation that put Germany after France in this historic

parade? It doesn't matter! What matters is that these sons of Germans had come there, out in the harsh light of the July sun, to renounce their blood brothers in a loud voice and to proclaim the disgrace of Germany.

It was an unheard of, bitter and grave hour in which the bystanders felt revenge in the air about them and that these Germans were putting their lips to the cup of expiation.

Ten thousand of these men marched in line, brothers or sons of Germans, and each one of them carried an American flag, the flag of the country which was the deciding factor in Germany's defeat. Ten thousand of these men had come who knew that their actions, facial expressions, even their very feelings would be watched carefully. They gave pledges of their sentiments. These ten thousand men bore on placards the proofs of their irrevocable condemnation of Germany.

There were placards such as the one whose enormous letters read, "The entire world knows that Germany alone is responsible for

the war"; and there was another which read, "Victory of the United States and the Allies means liberty for Germany." These ten thousand men had come in the names of a million more men who approved of such statements, and, in consequence, decreed the infamy of their motherland.

They marched along in the midst of an impressive silence. Some old men carried a banner with the words: "Our sons are fighting with the Allies." Each one of these old men carried on his shoulder, in place of his national flag, a little white banner dotted with as many stars as he had sons on the Western Front. It was a strange, tragic spectacle. Thus in this depiction of the world which was passing before us, the Vaterland had a place and marched in its place among all the races arrayed against Germany. Thus one million Germans rose up to cry, "I no longer know Germany. Wipe her out."

When night fell the peoples of the world had not stopped passing up Fifth Avenue. Just before sunset the Jews marched by in close

ranks, and behind the Jews came the Lithuanians in their somber garb, with their tawny belts.

Night fell, and the dying echo of all the shouts and all the music sounded faintly across the spaces of the city. The ground still seemed to vibrate with the steps of these legions of marching men. In the midst of the dying tumult one most noticeable thing remained—the memory of those old Germans who marched by, bearing proudly the banner proclaiming that their sons were fighting against Germany.

How did these sons fight? Did they kill many Germans from Germany? It was a troublesome thought whose sharp precision presented itself to my mind all that evening.

And the following morning came my answer. On account of its having been the Fourth of July, the newspapers announced the first list of men awarded the distinguished service medals by General Pershing on the battle field of Château-Thierry. As I glanced over the list I read that Lieutenant *Louis Timmerman*, of the Marines, led his men in a bayonet

charge in Belleau Wood on the 6th of June, 1918, against an enemy superior in numbers and that, although he had been wounded in the face by shrapnel, Lieutenant Timmerman continued heroically in the performance of his duty. Farther down on the page it was reported that Corporal *Louis Liberman* of the field artillery gave proof of particular bravery on the first of May at Villers-Tournelle, when he left shelter twice in the midst of a violent bombardment to bear aid to the wounded. And Sergeant *Charles Hofman* of the Marines showed extraordinary heroism at Château-Thierry on the 6th of June, when, during the attack and counter-attack, he put to flight an entire company of *mitrailleurs* by his valor.

Timmerman, Liberman, Hofman! These names are proofs of their bearers' Teutonic origin. However, on the battle-fields of France, Hofman, Liberman and Timmerman proved themselves brave men. These sons of Germany offered their lives to defend the cause of civilization against Germany.

"Our sons are fighting with the Allies" the

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banner of the German race proclaimed as the races of the world passed in review. It was true; they were fighting, dying and killing Germans side by side with the Allies.

And it seemed to me that the passing of this banner marked the dawn of chastisement which was rising for Germany.

CHAPTER IX

AMERICA IN THE EYES OF THE WORLD

Since in the course of this book, by the chance of events, I have noted from time to time certain attributes characteristic of America, I am seized by a greater ambition. I want now to bind together these attributes, to unite them and to attempt to paint the picture of the American people, who were misunderstood yesterday and who run the risk of being badly understood to-morrow.

One day Gainsborough laid down the following rules for portrait painting: "First pick out in your model the most striking detail; the expression, or the hand, or the mouth, or even the feather in his hat. Then pass on to another detail. When you have fixed all the details, try to unite them in a harmonious whole."

Let us follow Gainsborough's precepts. I

have fixed certain details concerning America. Now let me try to reproduce the whole.

First, America's qualities.

The great and immense virtue of the American people is its spirit of discipline. One day I remarked to Mr. Henry Morgenthau, the former American Ambassador to Turkey:

"You are the most obedient nation on earth."

"No," he replied, "we are the nation which knows how to obey the best."

American obedience to orders coming from above is instinctive and immediate. The American obeys just as the horse gallops, the bird flies and the Swiss is neutral.

Take for example a subway station in Paris with its two doors, above one of which is written the word "entrance," with the word "exit" above the other. A French crowd uses both entrances indiscriminately. It will use even more willingly as an entrance the door which is labeled exit. Take the case of a similar station in New York. The American crowd conforms scrupulously to the directions that are indicated; it doesn't even think of disobeying

them. The principle which directs the American is simple. Every man reasons: "Since they tell us to go in at the right and to go out at the left, there is a good reason for it. They know better."

Multiply this spirit of obedience. Apply it to the greatest things in life, the most grave crises, the most rigorous laws, and results are obtained such as no other nation could produce.

What has happened in America in the matter of food control is unheard of and unique of its sort. Mr. Herbert Hoover, the food dictator in the United States during the War, never had to ask Congress to pass laws to support him, never had to call in a single policeman to his aid. He satisfied himself with sending out "suggestions," as he called them, from his office in Washington.

As I write these lines I have before me a simple piece of paper that emanated from Mr. Hoover's office at Washington under the modest title, "*What you can do to help win this war.*" Understand those words "what you *can* do." There is no question of orders is-

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sued by the cabinet; simply "what you *can* do." Here are some of Mr. Hoover's suggestions:

BREAD AND CEREALS

Have at least one wheatless meal a day. Use corn, oat, rye, barley, or mixed cereal rolls, muffins and breads in place of white bread certainly for one meal and, if possible, for two. Eat less cake and pastry.

As to white bread, if you buy from a baker, order it a day in advance; then he will not bake beyond his needs. Cut the loaf on the table and only as required. Use stale bread for toast and cooking.

MEAT

Use more poultry, rabbits, and especially fish and sea food in place of beef, mutton and pork. Do not use either beef, mutton, or pork more than once daily, and then serve smaller portions. Use all left-over meat cold or in made dishes. Use soups more freely. Use beans; they have nearly the same food value as meat.

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SUGAR

Use less candy and sweet drinks. Use less sugar in tea and coffee. Use honey, maple sirup and dark sirups for hot cakes and waffles without butter or sugar. Do not frost or ice cakes. Do not stint the use of sugar in putting up fruits and jams. They may be used in place of butter.

In similar terms were couched the suggestions for conserving American vegetables and fats. And as I sit and think and look at the little sheet of paper due to Mr. Hoover's meditations I cannot help asking what would have been done and what would have been said in certain European countries if some minister or some food director had decided to issue a like "suggestion."

Mr. Hoover did not stop at that. One fine day in October, 1917, he said, "I suggest that, beginning with the first of next November, America observes Tuesday as a meatless day, Wednesday as a wheatless day and Saturday as a porkless day."

And all America, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Great Lakes to Texas, obeyed Mr. Hoover's suggestion to the letter. I was in Pittsburgh, that great industrial city in the Middle West, when they made a survey of some three thousand restaurants and cafés on the first meatless day in November. I asked the mayor of the city, Mr. Babcock, how well Mr. Hoover's suggestions had been observed. For reply he handed me the report of his inspectors. Out of three thousand establishments which served food, four had served meat to their patrons, and all four of them protested their good faith and pledged themselves not to do it again.

In September, 1918, Mr. Hoover said, "I suggest that automobile riding cease for the next two Sundays. That will conserve gasoline which we need for War."

There could scarcely be a harsher privation for the good people of the United States. Practically everybody over there owns his own automobile and many people take long motor trips on Sunday. However, on the first Sun-

day that followed the issuing of Mr. Hoover's suggestion not an automobile was to be seen on any road in any State in the Union. Usually one can count fifty thousand machines on the great highway running from New York to Long Beach, a popular seaside resort. On that first Sunday there were four—one was a fire truck and three were doctors' automobiles. And you can read over all the American newspapers of that time and you will not find a single protest coming from a gasoline merchant or a hotel keeper, for whom these restrictions signified considerable financial loss.

Perhaps even more extraordinary was the thing that happened in America during the frightful winter of 1918.

A terrible cold wave that was absolutely unprecedented struck the eastern part of the United States. The rivers which are adjacent to New York began to freeze over and railway transportation failed little by little. In entire districts, in such large cities as New York, Philadelphia and Boston, there was a sudden shortage of coal.

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This shortage did not concern Mr. Hoover, but Mr. Garfield, the coal administrator. And the suggestion which he put forth might well have aroused opposition. He stated, "Since there is a shortage of coal, for the next five days and, after them, for one day every week, we are going to close down the industries which use coal."

Stopping the industries which used coal meant stopping the work of every one who needed warmth. So for five days Mr. Garfield very simply stopped the industrial life of the great American nation.

On Wednesday, the 18th of January, 1918, three thousand manufacturing establishments in New York City, having in their employ six hundred thousand workers, closed their doors. The manufacturers closed down without even warning their employed personnel, who, when they came to work in the morning in their usual way, encountered the simple notice: "Closed by the order of the National Authorities." The six hundred thousand workmen went back to their homes without uttering a cry of protest

or making any disturbance, in spite of the fact that this cutting off of their work meant a loss of twelve hundred thousand dollars in their salaries.

Only the theaters protested; it is a universal law that the theaters protest against everything. A delegation of actors, theater employees and managers called on President Wilson at the White House. Their audience with him lasted ten minutes, during which the theatrical delegation spoke for seven minutes and the President for one minute. Mr. Wilson merely said,

“You don’t want to close the theaters on Monday. Very well; that’s all right. Close them on Tuesday.”

And the delegation went away delighted.

The second quality of America, which is so obedient, is its indulgence. There are no brawls, no bitter criticism, no scurrilous articles on the American side of the Atlantic. Satire, as we Frenchmen know it, is unknown there; political polemics are unusual; an American caricature is never offensive. The Amer-

icans do not quarrel the way the Frenchmen do. The man who raises his voice or waves his arms in the street immediately attracts a crowd; people think he is drunk or out of his mind. Drivers of taxicabs which have just missed colliding with each other exchange angry glances and swear a little, but they never curse each other the way French taxi-drivers do. For a man to get angry is considered a proof that he is weak. This is a defect. Hatred is considered as a confession of inferiority. For forty years the Mexicans have not ceased to raid the States on the southern border of the United States, and in these savage raids they practice most of the acts which constitute the Boche rite—thefts, murders, setting fire to buildings, and violations. However the Americans, even those on the southern frontier of the country, do not hate the Mexicans; they content themselves with despising the neighbors to their immediate south, with considering them an inferior race.

And America—this is its third great virtue—is a country which sees things on a large

scale and does things on a large scale in peace as well as in war.

Fifty years ago when the magnificent Brooklyn Bridge was being built its far-seeing builders did not merely say, "Let's begin by making a foot bridge for pedestrians; in a few years we shall add a road for vehicles; then, in the course of a century, we shall see whether or not, by any chance, there is need of enlarging it to accommodate surface cars." On the contrary they at once conceived a bridge with two tramways, two roads for vehicles and a veritable avenue for pedestrians—a bridge which is still enormous although it has been built for almost fifty years.

Likewise, in the war, the Americans did not say, "Let us put a few regiments in the trenches, let us give a little money to our Allies and send a few bushels of grain from our various ports." The Americans saw the war on a great scale. By dozens of millions men were enrolled; by hundreds of millions dollars were poured out for the Allies. In hundreds of millions were sent the hectoliters of wheat

destined to feed fighting Europe,¹ and by millions of cubic meters the material was collected necessary for the construction of sixteen great military camps (in exact figures 9,000,000 cubic meters which were contained in 3,800 cars). There were even people who predicted that America would fight for five years. In America the prophecies are on as gigantic a scale as the bridges and the houses. Hand in hand with this greatness of thought went undeniable originality and a remarkable fertility in inventive resource.

Viewed from this angle there is nothing strange in the scenes which accompanied each

¹ In his formal report by letter to President Wilson on July 18, 1918, Herbert Hoover, the United States Food Administrator, wrote:

"It is interesting to note that since the urgent request of the Allied food controllers early in the year for a further shipment of 75,000,000 bushels from our 1917 wheat than originally planned, we shall have shipped to Europe, or have *en route*, nearly 85,000,000 bushels. At the time of this request our surplus was more than exhausted. The accomplishment of our people in this matter stands out even more clearly if we bear in mind that we had available in the fiscal year 1916-17 from net carry-over and as surplus over our normal consumption about 200,000,000 bushels of wheat which we were able to export that year without trenching on our home loaf. This last year, however, owing to the large failure of the 1917 wheat crop, we had available from net carry-over and production and imports only just about our normal consumption. Therefore our wheat shipments to allied destinations represent approximately savings from our own wheat bread."

one of the four great Liberty Loans in the United States. Here American imagination and adaptability gave themselves free rein. Formidable appeals were issued and monstrous bells rung; people ran about madly, shouting and stamping their feet. It was not that the American citizen needed the sounding of drums or the spectacle of parades to make him do his duty, to let his conscience speak, or to loosen his purse strings. But it is an American national tradition as old as the Declaration of Independence that every important and grave act of the United States be accompanied by tremendous external manifestations. Since the American continent is so great, so vast and so broad, it is necessary that orders be shouted in a loud voice to be heard clearly everywhere. The posters for the Liberty Loans were appealing and original. How many posters were issued in the four years of the war by the various belligerent nations to persuade the capitalists and taxpayers to do their duty financially toward their country! But even here America found something new. She had her

own advertising slogans and her own pictures which were probably the best pictures and the best slogans of them all.

There was a government poster representing a soldier with a rifle about to go over the top of a trench, and on the bluish background of this picture stood out this inscription: "*Lend him a hand!*" There was this poster, dear to the heart of New York, bearing the simple words: "*You give your money while they give their lives. Otherwise the Germans will get you and your money and your life.*" Pennants flew from every lamp post on Fifth Avenue bearing the words: "*They fight. You lend.*"

Every store and every shop did its bit for the Loans. The shoe shops had a German boot in the window with a legend inquiring whether or not the Americans wished to let their soil be fouled by this boot. The haberdashers showed a pointed helmet and asked whether the Americans would not tear the point from the helmet. The novelty shops and the tailors showed pictures and colored posters calling to

mind some brutal scene in the European trenches. One of these posters had a considerable success. It reproduced the print of a hand, disgusting with blood, with this caption: "*The mark of the Hun.*" And below was written the injunction: "*Wipe out this spot by lending your money.*"

The Americans did not confine themselves to the poster, the pamphlet, or the picture. They went out into the street, among the crowd, stopped public conveyances and held up trains. Lucien Muratore, the celebrated tenor of the Chicago Opera Company, sang the "Marseillaise" from the steps of the Stock Exchange. Geraldine Farrar blocked the traffic on Fifth Avenue when the crowds collected to hear her sing the "Star Spangled Banner" from the steps of the New York Public Library. Charlie Chaplin, the hero of the movies, held up the travelers in a Pullman. The President, or perhaps Mrs. Wilson, marched at the head of one parade or another through the streets of Washington. And when the crowd saw persons great in the world

of politics, finance or the theater come into their midst, it vibrated with extraordinary intensity and subscribed countless sums, signed pledges without reading them.

In the evening at the theaters the author of the play, or perhaps the principal actor in it, would make a speech to the audience during the intermission before the last act. He would say a few words and pick up an American flag with a remark to this effect:

"I shall furl this flag only when a certain number of the citizens in this theater have accomplished the duty which is incumbent upon them all. I shall furl it only when people right here in this theater have subscribed at least twenty thousand dollars to the Liberty Loan."

At first thought the sum appears enormous. But always some one in the audience would get up and announce, "I'll subscribe a thousand!"

And everybody followed this man's example. Officers who happened to be present would sign pledges for hundred dollar bonds, ladies in the boxes for thousand dollar bonds, and work-

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men in the galleries would pledge themselves to give five dollars. Every evening the author or the actor who had made the speech would turn in a package of subscriptions representing at least twenty thousand dollars.

The result was that the four Liberty Loans in the United States raised the enormous sum of fifteen billion dollars, more than seventy-five billion francs. "America would have given three times that sum to win the war," Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip, the former President of the National City Bank and one of America's leading financiers, declared recently.

To win the war what would not young, enthusiastic America have given from the mysterious depths of her being and her bottomless resources.

Finally, one of the most appealing qualities characteristic of the American soul is the American's love for France. This characteristic touched me as much at the end of my sojourn of thirty months in the United States as it did when I first landed. I found this love for France everywhere throughout the United

States, in the hearts of the poor as well as of the rich, in the little towns and in the great cities. I shall always recall one October evening in 1917 which I was spending in a modest Kentucky city. An American battalion had been in active fighting for the first time on the Western Front and some casualties had resulted. Among the dead was a young man whose parents lived in that very little town where I was staying. I thought that I, a Frenchman, ought to go and say a few words of sympathy to the soldier's father. The scene still stands out in my mind—a little house, a tiny garden, an old man seated on the front porch of his cottage. His calm, sweet glance rested upon me. At my first words of sympathy he interrupted:

“Sir, let's not speak of that. I don't feel sadness; only pride. My son died for France. Millions of others will take his place.”

I noticed a striking example of this love for France at Boston on the 14th of July, when there was an enormous meeting of seventy thousand persons and I saw a hundred young

girls, all wearing the Alsatian cap, take their seats in the front rows, the reason for which was explained to me as follows, "We thought that this was the headdress which would please you most."

And I found this love for France on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico at New Orleans. Who can express the emotion a Frenchman feels when he visits New Orleans? Everywhere the past rose before me. The ironwork I saw on the porches of the houses French hands wrought. In the signs of the shops, which carry some old French words; in the courts, which still use the Code Napoleon; in the names of the streets, French through and through—rue de Chartres, rue Toulouse, rue Conti, rue Royale—I saw France. The very pavements in New Orleans call out the name of France, and the imprint of France is on the walls of the houses.

But had France remained in the soul of New Orleans? Women passed by, recalling in their profile our women of Arles. They had preserved the language of their French fore-

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fathers and spoke a French which had retained an incomparable purity. But had their hearts remained as French as their tongues? I was a little bit troubled about that during the first afternoon I spent among these one-time Frenchmen.

My doubt was of short duration and by the time evening had come I was convinced that the people of New Orleans still loved France. All these sons of Frenchmen came together in a great hall decorated with the Tricolor. I had not spoken twenty words to them before I felt that they thought the same things we Frenchmen thought, that they had at heart the same hatreds and the same hopes. The entire race of Frenchmen was speaking in that hour, stronger than distance from their motherland, stronger than time, stronger than history itself. The walls of the houses, names of the streets, the speech of the passers-by and the signs in the shops that I had seen and heard during the afternoon had not lied to me. France has such beauty and such strength that those who have belonged to her for a day—

even though it may have been centuries ago—remain hers for eternity.

I hope that some time the Frenchmen of to-day will be told what Louisiana, of French descent, did for them. Down there I saw farmers from towns bearing the old names of Baton Rouge, Lafayette, Vermillon and Chef Menteur contribute fifty cents every month to send to the soldiers of France. I saw young girls who, needle in hand, had sewed for four years on their humble bandages, hoping only that they might one day dress a Frenchman's wounds. I saw noble women who, tirelessly, collected bales, crates and packages of all sorts of supplies, transforming their drawing-rooms into work shops or depots to help a little bit in relieving French suffering and distress. I saw little children who, when night fell, did not close their eyes without whispering the prayer they had learned from their mother's lips, "God protect the Frenchmen who are saving the world!"

And I saw little girls of Alsatian origin contribute one hundred dollars, the entire savings

of their money boxes, with these words: "That the Statue in the Place de la Concorde may no longer be veiled in crêpe!"

I found this love for France in all the intellectual centers of America. Among the thinkers, teachers and artists this feeling has expressed itself during the War by the most striking and magnificent praise which has ever been given to French thought or the thought of any other nation.

In 1917 there was published in Chicago a book with the simple title *Science and Learning in France*. This title represents the most magnificent tribute in which a nation has ever felt pride.

Every name America holds eminent in the arts, the sciences, in law and in literature is found in this book. One hundred illustrious teachers and professors, members of all the academies and university faculties in the United States, have written the hundred chapters of which the book is composed; chapters proving that in all branches of human thought—in archæology, astronomy, botany,

chemistry, criminology, pedagogy, geology, geography, history, law, mathematics, medicine, physiology, physics, political science, philology, and zoölogy—France has shown herself superior beyond all comparison to the other countries in the world. This homage is all the more significant since each one of these hundred professors and teachers is considered by America as the man most qualified to pass such judgment on his particular subject. Philip Fox and George Hale, the two most famous astronomers in the United States, proclaim French astronomy the most illustrious in the world; the great botanist Coulter, the famous chemists Bancroft, Daines and Henderson, trace the steps in the glories of the unparalleled history of French botany and chemistry; the polytechnic institutes of Worcester and Stevens declare the French engineers the first in the world; great teachers such as Parker, Howells, Morton Prince and Thayer rate French medical science above that of the rest of Europe and America; the Universities of Harvard, Columbia, Pennsylvania and Chica-

go bow their heads in respect for the luminous clarity of Law as it is practiced in France; the physicists Crew, Michelson and Sabine declare the gratitude the world owes France in the matter of discoveries in that science; the zoölogist Calkins writes that the France of Cuvier, Claude Bernard and de la Marck surpasses all civilized nations in the world in biology.

In a preface to this magnificent monument raised to the intellectual glory of France, Doctor Charles W. Eliot, emeritus President of Harvard University, wrote these lines, "The French people under all their forms of government—monarchical, imperial or republican—have always shown cordial appreciation of intellectual achievements, and particularly of scientific investigation. . . . To an unexampled degree the spirit of liberty has animated all the French leaders and scholars of thought for two centuries. For them intellectual inquiry has been free. This is true not only in the field of social and political ideas and the philosophy of government, but also in the institutions intended to promote the development

of science, letters and art. The French Academies of Science and Letters illustrate it, and so do the noble professional traditions in French Courts and Justice and the French Bar, both the Courts and the Bar having set high examples of courage, independence, and bold insistence on judicial and professional privileges. Science, letters and arts in France have always shared, and often enkindled, the people's love of freedom and their passionate advocacy of democracy. American students, thinking to take advanced studies in Europe, have often in times past supposed the French to be an inconsistent, pleasure-loving, materialistic people. They have now learned through the Great War that the French are an heroic people, constant to great political and social ideals, a people intelligent, fervid, dutiful and devoted to family, home and country. They have also come to see that the peculiar national spirit of France is one of the great bulwarks and resources of civilization, which ought to be not only preserved but reënforced."

And as if all these illustrious names were

not sufficient to sign this incomparable book, one thousand and twenty-two professors from all the American universities, of all races, nationalities and beliefs, deans, professors and judges, countersign the words of their eminent leaders to witness the fact that they also wish to make *Science and Learning in France* a national homage rendered by every American university to all the universities of France.

If Germany had ever obtained from any country in the world—even if it had been the tiniest South American Republic—such a tribute of admiration, affection and respect, she would have proclaimed the fact throughout Europe. France, receiving this tribute from the great Republic who is her friend and ally, should show herself proud and grateful for it. It is the duty of France not to ignore this testimonial of America's veneration for her science and learning.

Faults? Certainly America has her faults. What people does not have them? But it is a strange thing that they are not the faults that were accredited to America for so long a time,

and they are not the faults generally attributed to her to-day. Especially they are not the faults which people like to point out as the distinguishing traits of the Americans in France. The American traveler who lands in France and sees the American boys on the banks of the Rhine or the Seine, the boys he sees in the trains and the cafés, has some difficulty in recognizing them. They have an unabashed look when they meet the ladies over here which they do not have in America. Over here they put to their lips glasses filled with one thing or another, while in America the glass holds only ice water. Does the atmosphere of France or the distance from home make this change in them? Perhaps it is the laws, which are easier in France and more inflexible in America. Perhaps it is everything in general. It is a great psychological truth that a nation knows its own citizens and that, little by little, in the course of time, a nation forges the legal code which will just fit the soul of its citizens. Some slight misdemeanor which entails no consequences in France can cause a man to be sen-

tenced to hard labor in America. This is because the American legislators knew that it was necessary to rule with a strong hand these great children who had come from all points of the globe, who belonged to all the races of man, and who did not always bring all the virtues of man in their immigrants' bundles. And the American legislators have worked so well that they have made America the best governed country in the world, the one in which it is possible to go about with the least personal risk, where there is the greatest respect for women and the greatest severity for drunkards.

America is also vain. That is the concomitant of her greatness. But she knows that she is vain and the consequence is that the ensuing damage is less great. One day an Ambassador remarked to President Wilson:

"Mr. President, you have only one thing to fear—flattery."

And President Wilson replied with admirable loyalty and charming good fellowship:

"I am not afraid of it because I know I have it to be afraid of."

It is possible to say the same thing about American vanity, at which America is the first to laugh. It is the amiable vanity of a gentleman, which bursts like a soap bubble at the first breath of air and which shows itself only at the expense of the Americans themselves. When you travel from New York to Philadelphia and pass the industrial city of Trenton, the capital of the State of New Jersey, you read this gigantic inscription on the great bridge across the Delaware River: "Trenton makes, the World takes." In those words lies a symbol, a symbol which must not be taken too seriously, for the people of Trenton would be the first to laugh if you believed that world consumption depended on their manufacturers.

Finally, America is ignorant about Europe. And America knows it. She is even too much aware of it. And the knowledge of this ignorance has cost Europe dear, for in the pre-war hesitations, gropings and neutrality of America there was always this idea, "Let us not concern ourselves in things we know nothing about." America, a young nation, regarded

the far distant and complicated machinery of old Europe with a sort of terror, hesitating to put her little finger in this machinery because her hand might be caught in it, and after her hand her arm, then her shoulder and then her whole body.

At the beginning of my sketch of America I mentioned a *mot* of Mr. Henry Morgenthau's, the former United States Ambassador to Turkey, the personal friend of President Wilson, and a striking personality in the Democratic Party. I want to mention another *mot* of his in completing my portrait. He said to me:

"Perhaps we made a mistake when we crossed the seas and concerned ourselves in your life. But the mistake will become a misfortune if we now turn back with a scowl at things European towards our own hemisphere. Be careful of us. Do not send us back. Undoubtedly we have a great many things to learn. And undoubtedly you have a great many things to forget. The War has brought us together. We must not let Peace force us apart."

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Splendid words, not those of a mere diplomat, but of a philosopher and, above all, of a friend!

In the portrait which, whether it is good or bad, I have sketched in this chapter on America as the world sees her to-day, there is another thing besides some features, a face, and certain lines. That is a heart. This heart is not as universally visible as the torch of the Statue of Liberty. America's heart is inside her. You have to get under her skin to find it. But when it is found, it is the splendid heart of a young athlete, the most splendid heart of a people that there is under the sun to-day. And this heart beats more strongly for France than for any other nation. France must see to it that America's heart never stops beating for her.

CHAPTER X

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE—A POLITICAL EEL

To the ebullient and fluid statesman whose name is David Lloyd George, the English have given an amazing nickname; they call him "The elusive Welshman."

And, in sober fact, you can't put your finger on Mr. Lloyd George.

In 1910 he led the radical forces in their assault on the House of Lords. I went to hear him speak in an obscure part of his own country of Wales, at Llandrindod. Three thousand men crowded into a smoke-filled hall and Mr. Lloyd George poured forth the flaming torrents of his oratory in words full of unheard-of violence, which recalled the speeches of the Jacobin orators. He cried:

" 'My Lords, clear the road.' The House of Lords was no chivalrous assembly. When the

Old-age Pensions Bill went up we could hear the Peers sharpening their knives. But Lord Lansdowne said, 'Before we finish it let me look through the window. Let us see if there is a crowd outside watching.' And there was a crowd. So he came back and said, 'No, you had better not. They are looking angry. Let it through this time. You can finish something else.' And so they let it through with a malediction. They cursed it, they hissed it, they spat upon it, they snarled at it, and they barked at it. Men of that sort were not the custodians of mercy or charity in the land. The country wanted to get them out of the way. The Lords dared not throw out old-age pensions; fear kept them in the path of right. It was a poor cowardly assembly; they had not even the courage of wrong-doing, and they had not the heart for the right."

A series of frightful imprecations, such as, within the memory of Englishmen, had not been heard from the lips of a minister of the crown! For even at that time Mr. Lloyd George was Chancellor of the Exchequer and

one of the king's ministers. But in the course of his imprecations encouragement had not been lacking. It shouted in delirious joy when loud voices clamored, "Go on, David! Give it to them!"

And David, spurred on, incited to further flights, gave "them" full measure.

He stated that the Lords had always been cowards, that when they were in the plain people's power they had shouted "Don't shoot"; but that he (Lloyd George) had told them to get out of the way; that he could not understand how people with the sense of humor the English have could tolerate such a grotesque assembly for half an hour. The House of Lords and its political tactics reminded Lloyd George of years ago in London, when the horse cars and the electric trams ran on the same track, and the result was that traffic was blocked. His party was the electricity, and the Lords were the poor old nags that dragged the horse cars. The Tories proposed one cure for the House of Lords, Lord Rosebery proposed another, but Lloyd George

was a humanitarian. He did not believe in cruelty to animals. The Lords had waited until they were too old to be changed. Now he would let them go out to pasture. There was more force than elegance in Mr. Lloyd George's saying that the aristocracy was like cheese—the older it grew the worse it smelled. The House of Lords was talking about a referendum, now that matters had come to a crisis. Voting might be a pleasant distraction for people who had nothing to do; but did they think it was a pleasure for the workingman to go to the polls? No. There would be no referendum, no more discussion with the Lords, no more bills their Lordships could throw out into the street or mutilate to such an extent that they were unrecognizable. The Government had decided that when it sent a bill to the House of Lords they must pass it—or it would be passed over their heads!

I left the hall in astonishment, my ears buzzing under this tempest of sarcasm and insult. And outside, in the cold of the January night, under the bluish gleams of an electric

arc light, my eye fell on a gigantic election poster on which David was pictured aiming his stone before launching it at the head of Goliath. David was Mr. Lloyd George; and Goliath was the House of Lords.

To my companion, who happened to be a young lord descended from one of the most ancient families in the United Kingdom, I remarked, "That man is a destroyer. He is not David; he is Samson. He is capable of overturning the entire temple in order to destroy a few Philistines!"

"Oh, no," the young lord replied rather sweetly, "you don't understand. Lloyd George will never destroy anything. He will not even touch the columns of the temple. He will end up on the altar itself!"

As a matter of fact, when the Liberal Party won the election a few months later and in consequence kept in power, David went back into another obscure town in his country of Wales. Now he was the conquerer. He no longer brandished his sling; instead he bore an olive branch.

"You ask me," he said to three thousand other citizens, "if we are going to put an end to the Lords. You are too astute. You must not ask things like that. Let us get our breath first. The air is more pure now."

"Perhaps," came a chance remark from the audience, "we could accept the proposition that the Lords themselves have made, that they should reform their assembly."

"Yes. As a matter of fact; why not? Only we must know what that proposition is. Do you know it? Do you know some one who knows it? Or do you only know some one who knows some one who knows it? As far as I am concerned, I do not. I am waiting also. Possibly the Lords will formulate a proposition even better than ours. If that should be the case, there will be no reason for not listening to them."

This time I understood that I had not understood Mr. Lloyd George at all and that, in the question of the House of Lords, it was difficult to put your finger on the elusive Welshman.

Not only is this the case in the question of

the House of Lords; it is so in all things. It is so in the question of the Treaty of Peace perhaps even more than any other matter—and there are many other matters.

When the Armistice was signed there was talk of the conditions to be imposed on the vanquished, and the most intractable man in all Europe was Mr. Lloyd George. On the 30th of November, 1918, he sent his faithful adherent, Mr. Barnes, a workingman and a member of the War Cabinet, to Leeds. And when they asked him what he thought about the conditions to be granted Germany, Mr. Barnes replied briefly and to the point:

“I am for hanging the Kaiser!”

And on the 5th of December Mr. Lloyd George himself got into action. He declared:

“The war was a crime. Will no one be held responsible for it? Will no one be asked for an accounting? Will there be no inquiry? Indeed, this would be neither divine nor human justice.”

And he announced that if President Wilson had fourteen points in his peace program he

(Lloyd George) had but six. The first two were:

1. The trial of the Kaiser.
2. The punishment of those responsible for the atrocities.

On the question of reparations the great prophets of the Peace Conference were even more exact. In President Wilson's gospel of the fourteen points was the simple stipulation: "Restoration of all invaded portions of French territory." And President Wilson did not comment further on these words which, like those of God on Mt. Sinai, were sufficient unto themselves. But Mr. Lloyd George wrote as the third point in his peace program: "*Fullest indemnities from Germany.*" And he paraphrased in some detail this point in his new testament when he declared at Newcastle:

"When Germany defeated France she made France pay. That is the principle which she herself has established. There is absolutely no doubt about the principle and that is the principle we shall proceed upon. Germany must pay the costs of the war."

A few days later the Prime Minister of Great Britain was even more precise and more firm when he declared at Bristol:

"Those who started the war should pay for it to the last penny. If need be, we will go and search their pockets."

When God speaks thus, it is easy to imagine what his apostles must be saying. When Sir Eric Geddes spoke on the very same day in the Guildhall at Cambridge, he mentioned "squeezing" Germany:

"We will get out of Germany all you can get out of a lemon and a bit more. For my part, I'll squeeze her until you can hear the pips squeak."

So much for the question of reparations. Under these excellent conditions the Peace Conference met at Paris.

Alas! At the Peace Conference events revolved with the speed a moving picture film whirls across the screen. The Conference met during the first days of the year 1919 and, on the 13th of January an imperative and fundamental question arose—not the question of

knowing how to supply relief for Belgium and France but that of knowing how to feed Germany; not of knowing how to search Germany's pockets, but of knowing how to fill her stomach.

"It is a question of humanity," a certain voice—which is none other than that of Mr. Lloyd George—says.

"If it is a question of humanity that is enough," declares M. Clémenceau.

A question of humanity could not do otherwise than stifle any question of the individual interest of the allied countries. Germany will be fed; but it is well understood that she is to pay the English and American good Samaritans who feed her for her food. Germany shall pay cash up to an amount above 1,450,000,000 francs in gold or foreign money. That will always be so much taken away from the Philistines. After that the Conference continued the question of the so-called reparations.

France produced her bill; a war debt of 257,000,000,000 francs; a budget which was

5,000,000,000 in 1914 and which will be between twenty-five and thirty billion francs in 1920; some five of the administrative divisions of her country almost completely destroyed; the loss either permanent or temporary of 94 per cent of her wool production; 90 per cent of her iron ore; 60 per cent of her cotton supply; 70 per cent of her sugar; 55 per cent of her supply of electric energy; the loss of a third of her merchant marine; 600 kilometers of railroad and of highways to be rebuilt; 57 per cent of her men between the ages of 19 and 34 years left on the field of battle. These figures were not contested by the Allies or their associates, for the figures could not be contested.

But President Wilson did not wish mention to be made of the payment of war expenses, for his fourteen points had not foreseen this item. And the elusive Mr. Lloyd George, the Lloyd George you cannot put your finger on whether he is agreeing or disagreeing with you, suddenly began to wave the specter of Bolshevism. He growled:

"If too much pressure is applied to Germany, she will fall into anarchy. We must demand from her only what she can pay for. We must save her resources."

It was impossible to change the Prime Minister of the United Kingdom from this decision, founded though it was on a basis of sentimental terror. Not only did he no longer wish to squeeze the lemon until the pips squeaked, but he did not even wish to go near the lemon tree for fear that a single fruit would fall from it.¹

I recall that one April morning, when the debate on this question was at its bitterest stage, I discussed the question of reparations with

¹ M. Raymond Poincaré, formerly President of the French Republic, exposed with his accustomed admirable clarity of thought and lucidity of expression the present situation between Germany and the allies in an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

"You have promised," says the Entente, "to deliver to Belgium and to France, within the three months following the going into effect of the treaty, a determined number of stallions, fillies, mares, bulls, milk cows, rams, ewes, and goats——" "Patience," answers Germany, and the Entente waits. "You have contracted," the Entente says, "to replace, ton for ton and category for category, all the vessels and commercial or fishing boats lost or damaged because of the war, and you should give them to me within two months after the coming into effect of the treaty." "You see me quite ready to oblige

Mr. Lloyd George. Our interview took place at a breakfast, to which he had been good enough to invite me, in his apartment in the rue Nitot. Between the haddock and the cold ham he attacked me with his seductive vivacity:

"Why is France nervous?"

"Because," I answered, "France feels that the Peace Conference is about to commit an iniquity that is stupid. France is not a greedy nation; she has proved that only too often in the course of her history. However, she knows to-day that money is necessary to the free people if they wish to survive. Now this money which she is demanding in the name of Justice in order to repair her damages and staunch her wounds is being denied her in the name of Heaven knows what theories of arbi-

you," replies Germany, "but I need my commercial fleet very much, and I should like to talk with you a bit." "You are to deliver to the signatory Powers on their respective demands," says the Entente, "the quantities of coal and its derivatives defined in Annex V of Part VIII." "Doubtless, but I must supply my own factories and restore my industry." "And how about me?" says France. "Am I not in danger of dying from weakness if my furnaces are extinguished and my transports stop, if the blood in my veins is used up and the circulation stops little by little——?" "First give me back my health," answers Germany, "and let me be the first to warm myself."

tration and of doctrine. This proceeding is as monstrous as it is childish."

"Let us consider the figures," continued the man you can't put your finger on. "At what figure do you fix the sums which France would have the right to demand from Germany?"

"Three hundred billion francs. It is easy to fix the amount in a general way. One hundred fifty billion in reparations for the devastated regions, fifty billion in pensions, and one hundred billion for the expenses of the war."

"All right. But if you demand that Germany pay your expenses in the war, there is no reason why we should not demand that she pay our expenses, and they come to one hundred and seventy billion plus thirty billion for pensions. That amounts to five hundred billion which are being demanded from Germany. And Italy, Belgium, Serbia and America, have the same right and their bills would doubtless raise the amount by about three hundred billion. That makes a total of eight hundred billion. Well, I ask you, is there a country in the world which can ever pay a debt of eight

hundred billion francs? Could the whole world itself pay such a bill?"

"It is not a question," was my reply, "whether Germany is able to pay; it is a question of whether or not she ought to pay. If she ought to pay, in all justice and honesty she must before everything else recognize her debt and sign a paper to this effect. Undoubtedly Germany to-day cannot pay a debt of eight hundred billion francs nor of five hundred billion nor of one hundred billion. But neither you nor I nor any one can state with certainty what Germany will be in a position to do in twenty or thirty years. Do you forget that in 1871 Bismarck hoped and Thiers feared that France would never be able to pay her indemnity of five billion francs—the former hoped to keep France enslaved for a long time and the latter feared that she would be unable to free herself at once. However, contrary to the opinion of the world, France paid the five billion. Your experts and technical men can only estimate Germany's present day resources. But who can estimate Germany's

future resources? Does any one know what lies beneath her soil? If the chemists discover some product at present unknown which shall revolutionize the industry of the world and make Germany the richest country on earth, what will there then be to prevent her from paying her debts? Why limit this debt and reduce it on a basis of her present day resources? Why reduce and limit the penalties of Justice? You remarked just now that France was nervous. Why should she not be? With her it is a matter of life and death. And there is one thing which France cannot understand. That is why, before everything else, the debts for the War, however great they may be, are not levied on Germany since they were incurred in the war Germany wished, prepared for, and declared. And France cannot understand why Germany is not obliged, before anything else is done, to recognize the existence of this debt."

"And who," explained Mr. Lloyd George, "says that we shall not do that? Who says that we have not decided to do that?"

"No one has ever said that you *have* decided to do it."

"Can't you wait," continued the man you cannot put your finger on, "until we have finished, and can't you judge our completed work instead of always trying to judge our intentions? The Peace Conference will have had to meet and hold its discussions under conditions unprecedented in all history. The eyes of all the world are fixed on the Conference and—which is a graver matter—the ears of all the world are close to the keyholes of the rooms where the Conference meets. These ears are the ears of our enemies, who tremble with delight when they think they detect some hesitation; they are the ears of our friends, who misunderstand the confused rumors they hear and quickly spread them everywhere. Let public opinion wait a few days. Then it will be able to pronounce its judgment on facts, not rumors!"

Eighteen months have passed, and to-day public opinion can pronounce its judgment on facts and not on rumors. It knows what

France has obtained so far from Germany in the way of reparations and what France can expect. Germany who, according to Mr. Lloyd George's formal promise made at Bristol on the 11th of December, 1918, should pay to the last penny, has not yet paid the first penny.²

As for the Kaiser, whose hanging Mr. Barnes demanded and the implacable prosecution of whom Mr. Lloyd George promised solemnly in a manifesto addressed to the British nation, he continues to fish and to chop wood and to wander about peacefully in the grounds of his castle in Holland. As to the incendiaries of Louvain, the deporters of Lille, the sinkers of the *Lusitania* and the assassins of Edith Cavell, they have not yet been con-

² In one of his first published interviews after his appointment as Prime Minister, M. Georges Leygues made this statement about France's financial condition:

"In the present state of things and in the presence of unprecedented financial difficulties American public opinion has noted, I am sure, that France pays regularly its creditors, and she has proved it by meeting at the date fixed her share of the Anglo-French loan. But her debtors do not pay her. Not only do her debtors not pay, but she is obliged to make considerable additional advances. If our principal debtor honored her signature the question of our economic relief would be less serious to our people, and would be a matter of but a short time."

demned by any tribunal. And the letter which was written and signed on the 15th of February, 1920, in which it was stated that Germany would not be allowed not to hand over to the Allies the men guilty of her war atrocities, was written and signed by Mr. Lloyd George himself!

Such changes of opinion would call forth severe sarcastic comment if they had not the palliation of sincerity for their excuse. Mr. Lloyd George is always sincere—or at least he gives the impression of being sincere. Only his sincerities are contradictory; and this impression he does not give. He is so impetuous that friendship has no hold over him, and he has such a pleasing manner of address that criticism can't fasten itself on him.

Take him for all in all, in that international jungle which is so rich in tigers, lions, deers and wasps, you can't put your finger on Lloyd George—he plays precisely the part of the eel. This has been clearly apparent throughout the Peace Conference. It was Mr. Lloyd George who managed everything, conducted every-

thing and inspired everything. Mr. John Maynard Keynes has written in his *Economic Consequences of the Peace*:

“To see the British Prime Minister watching the company, with six or seven senses not available to ordinary men, judging character, motive, and subconscious impulse, perceiving what each was thinking and even what each was going to say next, and compounding with telepathic instinct the argument or appeal best suited to the vanity, weakness, or self-interest of his immediate auditor, was to realize that the poor President, Mr. Wilson, would be playing blind man’s buff in that party. Never could a man have stepped into the parlor a more perfect and predestined victim to the finished accomplishments of the Prime Minister. The Old World was tough in wickedness anyhow; the Old World’s heart of stone might blunt the sharpest blade of the bravest knight-errant. But this blind and deaf Don Quixote was entering a cavern where the swift and glittering blade was in the hands of the adversary.”

In any case Mr. Lloyd George's will prevailed over every one, everywhere, in every case. But his will was so flexible that it seemed in no way firm, and when people came to make a protest, discuss some point, or express their reproaches, they never encountered Mr. Lloyd George's vivacious silhouette; they always came up against the dead shadow which was President Wilson.

Getting down to rock-bottom, Mr. Lloyd George is, politically speaking, a gambler. He gambles at the same time on his personal charm and on the power of the British nation. He continues to be entrancing while fortune smiles on him as well as when she seems to turn away from him. One can only understand imperfectly the incomprehensible manner in which he plays with his partners just as a gambler plays with his cards, the way he shuffles his arguments in order to deal them out later as his fancy may suggest and, above all, the way his instinct tells him the precise moment to collect his winnings and quit the game.

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

But we have our revenge on Mr. Lloyd George. For we "have one thing on him," to use good American slang. We know this—that the brilliant Welshman has won every hand; that he is still winning.

Perhaps he will not always win.

CHAPTER XI

GEORGES CLÉMENTCEAU—THE TIGER

The first time I saw M. Clémenceau I was still a mere boy. He was then at the bitter period of his life when ostracism—"the angry child of the ancient world," in Jules Ferry's expression—had exiled him from political life. Every Thursday it was his custom to lunch in a little house on the rue Boissière where Nubar Pasha, the venerable leader of the persecuted Egyptians, had retired. There for some hours the two exiles would discuss philosophical matters and recount their visions of history. Nubar, whose heart still bled with the blood his people had shed, once remarked:

"Oppression, as a general thing, governs the world; Liberty is the exception to the rule."

And M. Clémenceau replied with those sarcastic touches which always cover up his thought:

“A people which has suffered always says that, for their suffering prevents their seeing the truth. No, the races that oppress and prey on the world have never dominated it, except for a short period of time. The martyrs of history have always had the last word. Turkey’s account will be settled one day, the same way Germany’s account will be.”

I still hear the bitter voice with its metallic tones snarl out those words and I shall always remember the pale mask of M. Clémenceau’s face where the flame that was in his deep black eyes burned. That was the philosophical Clémenceau—the Clémenceau who wrote some of the thoughts which lighted up the dawn of the new century with a strong, loving light: *“It is necessary to believe and to hope in order to be strong. . . . In so far as I can speak and write, if I am right I feel myself invincible. . . . The victorious people are the people who fight. . . . You don’t know how strong you are when you are isolated. . . . If there should be a conflict between the Republic and Liberty, the Republic would be wrong and I*

would say that Liberty was right. . . . Young men have come with old men's ideas, who no longer would have anything to do with old men with young men's ideas. . . . Thinking is a fine thing. So is acting; more difficult perhaps, because of all the contending incidents which array themselves against a new course of action. . . . Being old is the soul's greatest evil."

If Man were a being composed only of will and brain, the man who wrote the lines you have just read would without doubt have deserved the greatest statue in France's Hall of Fame. But Man is a creature whose make-up includes sentiments and a heart. And M. Clémenceau ignores those two qualities.

People recall that during the time when M. Clémenceau lived in the same house with M. Granet the two men used to play a game of billiards in the evening rather often. M. Granet, who had a kind disposition, often showed it by the gentle manner in which he drove his ball across the billiard table. One day M. Clémenceau, exasperated, shouted at him:

“Granet, you are a fool with your goodness. In life you have got to be bad, bad, bad!” And each time he uttered it, he punctuated the word “bad” with a mighty stroke of his cue on the billiard ball.

That represents the other side of M. Clémenceau—the Clémenceau who loves above everything else to tear and to bite. And this tiger’s heart was not of pure gold. It was this Clémenceau who, during the Thermidor Session—the session that was deadlocked—pointed to the Right with the words: “Where were the fathers of these gentlemen in 1783? On the frontier, but on the wrong side of the frontier.” It was this Clémenceau who wrote these horrible words about M. Delcassé in 1904, words which would have had great weight in the hands of the public prosecutor in recent times if they had been signed “Cail-
laux”: “M. Delcassé is not a minister so lacking in good sense as is believed at St. Petersburg and in London at the present time. If he had not been inspired by such eagerness to enroll himself in the service of these foreign

courts he would have made as good a figure at his ministerial post as any other man. Since he is obliged to render an account of his doings to his colleagues, and especially to his Prime Minister, under exact discipline, he seems ready to commence the liquidation of his great Moroccan 'victory.' We must know whether or not his submission is made in good faith. This is all the more necessary because bad news comes to me from Germany." It was this Clémenceau who proclaimed in 1909 before a Chamber of Deputies stupefied with anger that M. Delcassé had "caused France the greatest humiliation," and this Clémenceau seemed almost to rejoice in the national humiliation because it permitted him to attack a political adversary. It was this Clémenceau who astounded all the critics of the Peace Treaty in 1919 when he suddenly turned half way around towards M. Barthou, who was seated in the section reserved for the representatives of the press, and snarled out in an evil voice:

"The men who come here sometime after me will sit in the mud!"

However, Clémenceau finished the war and he finished it well. He finished it at close quarters. Almost every day he himself went to the front, in the mud of the Somme or the Marne sectors, under fire on the Chemin des Dames or at Château-Thierry. He stalked along with his old, bashed-in, felt hat on his head, his long cloak smeared with mud or with chalk. An officer of General Mangin's staff used to meet M. Clémenceau frequently at the front. In these words he described the Prime Minister to me:

"It was a strange scene when Clémenceau met some soldiers. He sat still and watched them march by. Never a word did he utter. Only occasionally he saluted the men with a 'Good day, gentlemen!' However, one day in June he came across a battalion which was going to the front to stop the German flood at the Marne. It was the end of a sad day that had been heavy with anguish. The battalion, which was made up of recruits from the Midi, some utterly worn out by their long forced march, advanced, breathing hard. The

soldiers recognized M. Clémenceau, but said nothing. But he, standing on the edge of the road, watched them closely as he called out with a broken voice, 'On, my children, on!' "

Clémenceau also made peace, and he made it badly.

His admirers state that, at the Peace Conference, Clémenceau was admirable in combat, the leader of the pack whose individual hounds were all the egoisms encompassed in the dreams of all the representatives. And that is the most bitter reproach that can be made against him. For at the Peace Conference the tiger no longer should have tried to bite his enemies, but should have endeavored instead to caress them. He had no longer to tear down but to build up. And what a frightful psychological error it was when every day the Allies staggered along exhausted by their effort to build everything on the common alliance that existed between them, multiplying the interallied commissions, the interallied procedures, and the interallied arrangements! If an architect found that the foundations of his

building were laid on shifting sand and went ahead and built the heaviest and highest edifice possible on this sand, instead of stopping construction, would he be considered a wise man or a fool? That expresses in a nut shell the work that was done by the Peace Conference. The more the men who sat at the Peace Table saw that they were unable to come to an agreement on certain points, the more they attempted to do on the basis of these very points. The more they saw that their coöperation was bitter and difficult, the more future projects were created on a basis of permanent coöperation. The more clearly they discovered that the various Allies were fundamentally different, the more they walled these Allies up in narrow spaces, crowded into a close and inevitably fatal contact with one another.

But all that is a very little thing alongside of the monstrous, unpardonable and fundamental error the Peace Conference made. This consisted in drawing up a Treaty without obtaining any guarantees that it would be carried out. The entire structure of our modern

world is based on penalties and guarantees. Why do taxpayers pay their taxes? Because otherwise the revenue agents will seize their belongings. Why do people who rent houses pay the real estate owners? Because otherwise they will be dispossessed. Why do the citizens obey the laws? Because there are penalties if the law is violated. Why are contracts carried out? Because they all contain a clause stipulating that, in default of execution, certain steps will be taken.

And now remember that the Treaty of Versailles fills two hundred twenty-three pages of official text from Imprimerie Nationale, and that two pages suffice to contain the chapter on guarantees that the Treaty shall be executed. And what guarantees they are! The occupation of the left bank of the Rhine with no rights of civil administration, imposing taxes, or making laws for financial or economic purposes. The occupation of the left bank of the Rhine with all the material burdens such an act entails, and with no material profits from it. One point; that is all. The Treaty pro-

vides for certain restitutions, for deliveries of coal, for money payments, for the punishment of the men responsible for the atrocities. But what if the restitutions are not made, if the delivery of the criminals is not accomplished, if payments are not carried out, if the guilty men are not brought to Justice? Nothing, nothing, nothing. Nothing except the continuation of the occupation of the left bank of the Rhine where the Allies cannot make a law, raise a tax of a single pfennig, or move a chair. Not the slightest threat. Not the smallest guarantee. Not the most gentle penalty. Nothing but formulas, promises and so much paper.¹

¹ The Treaty's panegyrists, in defending themselves against the reproach they certainly deserve of having forgotten the guarantees, always entrench themselves behind paragraph 18 of appendix 2 of the chapter on "Reparations." The words of the paragraph are to this effect:

"The measures the Allied and associated powers will have the right to take in case of Germany's voluntary failure (to carry out the provisions of the Treaty), which Germany engages not to consider as hostile acts, may include acts of economic and financial prohibitions and reprisals in general, and such other measures as the respective governments shall consider necessitated by the circumstances."

A feeble defense. The paragraph is vague and inadequate; it states nothing final. The acts of prohibitions should be defined: the measures of economic and financial reprisal should be enumerated and specified; the matter of determining them should not be left to the circumstances of the moment. Re-

Such is the treaty they drew up at Versailles. M. Clémenceau as President of the Peace Conference was the most deplorable builder you can imagine. All his life he had swung a pick, and with the pick in his hand instead of the builder's trowel he had taken his place at the Peace Table. Mr. Keynes describes him in these picturesque and entertaining words:

"At the Council of Four, Clémenceau sat on a square brocaded chair in the middle of the semicircle facing the fireplace, with Signor Orlando on his left, the President next by the fireplace, and the British Prime Minister on his right. He carried no papers and no portfolio, and was unattended by any personal

member the mechanism of the Treaty of Frankfort! There is a contract in which the guarantees are carefully enumerated. If, within the forty days which followed the signing of the Treaty, the first half billion of the indemnity was not paid by France, the Germans had the right to remain in the departments of the Somme, Seine-Inferieure and on the right bank of the Eure. If on the 31st of December, 1871, two further half billions were not paid, the Oise, Seine-et-Oise, Seine-et-Marne, and the forts of Paris on the right bank—that is to say, the heart of France—should remain in German hands. And in like manner definite stipulations were made as to what was to happen until the entire five billions of indemnity should be paid by France to Germany.

There is nothing like this in the Treaty of Versailles. That is the eternal reproach which the historians of the future will hold up against the treaty makers.

secretary, though several French ministers and officials appropriate to the particular matter in hand would be present round him. His walk, his hand and his voice were not lacking in vigor, but he bore nevertheless, especially after the attempt upon him, the aspect of a very old man conserving his strength for important occasions.

“He spoke seldom, leaving the initial statement of the French case to his ministers or officials; he closed his eyes often and sat back in his chair with an impassive face of parchment, his gray gloved hands clasped in front of him. A short sentence, decisive or cynical, was generally sufficient, a question, an unqualified abandonment of his ministers, whose face would not be saved, or a display of obstinacy reënforced by a few words in a piquantly delivered English. But speech and passion were not lacking when they were wanted, and the sudden outburst of words, often followed by a fit of deep coughing from the chest, produced their impression rather by force and surprise than by persuasion.”

Mr. Keynes' portrait is curiously striking when he writes, "he carried no papers and no portfolio, and was unattended by any personal secretary," for the Clémenceau of the Peace Conference scorned everything—even collaborators and geography. The Mosul incident is the most typical illustration of this. M. Clémenceau let Mosul go because he did not know exactly where or what it was. He let it go because his Minister of Foreign Affairs advised him not to let it go. Did not M. Clémenceau tell Lloyd George on the 21st of May, 1919, that he would regulate the Mosul question "in spite of the Minister of Foreign Affairs"?

When you consider such facts, is it astonishing that a treaty, made without consulting the nation, the legislative bodies, the technical men or the geographies has, as a natural consequence, deceived the nation, angered the legislative bodies, outraged the technical men and made a mess of the map of the world.

But there are certain characteristics which Mr. Keynes as a painter could only guess at when M. Clémenceau was his subject.

The truth about M. Clémenceau is that world problems in his eyes are always embodied in some particular man. If he likes the man he takes an interest in the problem. If he dislikes the man he botches the problem. He acts in the same way with nations. For M. Clémenceau America meant President Wilson; he did not like President Wilson and it followed that he lost and France lost American support. Read over his speech in December, 1919, delivered before he had taken his place at the Peace Table, in which he joked about "President Wilson's noble candor" and said, "My tactics with Mr. Wilson consisted of saying nothing to him and of listening to him talk." Singular tactics, in truth, for making a Peace Treaty! Similarly, Greece meant to Clémenceau's eyes M. Venizelos; he did not like M. Venizelos, who was modeled too closely along M. Aristide Briand's lines and whose ideas resembled Mr. Wilson's. And so M. Clémenceau snubbed the illustrious Greek statesman in open conference when he would remark brusquely, "We have not time enough

to take up that matter. . . . You don't know what you are talking about. . . ." "Thank you. . . . Thank you. . . ." would come the clear reply of the tenacious, smiling and supple-minded M. Venizelos.² But England meant Mr. Lloyd George. Mr. Lloyd George was always ready to smile at Clémenceau's sallies, and his face was familiar and friendly in the eyes of the French Prime Minister. Therefore, M. Clémenceau never showed his teeth to Mr. Lloyd George nor to the British Empire the "elusive Welshman" represented, even in the hours when the British objections were most inexplicable. If President Wilson or M. Venizelos had wanted M. Clémenceau to give up Mosul, he would have held on to it until the bitter end!

To take up Mr. Keynes' portrait again, the truth of the matter is that when a torrent of

² However, one day M. Venizelos wanted to know the reason for the persistent animosity M. Clémenceau showed towards him. The Greek Premier stepped up to Clémenceau during a conference and asked:

"I see, Mr. President, that you do not like me."

"That's right. I don't like you," replied the Tiger.

"May I ask why?"

"No. If I told you why I don't like you you might try to make me like you, and I prefer to continue to dislike you."

words burst from the pale lips of the President of the Peace Conference, they were brought forth by some matter of political controversy or some personal animosity. But when the old man sat down in his chair and closed his eyes, some economic or financial question had come up which had to be solved, and such questions are not appetizing to a tiger.

I myself once saw the two utterly different sides of M. Clémenceau and that occasion gave me some insight into what the man must have been like at the Peace Conference.

It was the 6th of November, 1919, at the bridge of Kehl. The evening before M. Clémenceau had delivered an important speech at Strasburg outlining his political program, and he did not want to leave Alsace without crossing the Rhine and putting his foot on German soil. The rain was falling in sheets. At the German end of the bridge some German officials, smooth shaven, ill at ease, obsequious, wearing heavy high hats, awaited the French Prime Minister. These officials were the sub-prefect and the administrator of the district.

M. Clémenceau had put on his war paint—the thick gaiters, heavy cloak, and bashed-in hat he wore during the war. He marched straight up to the Germans with his hat on, although they uncovered.

“We hope, monsieur le president,” said the Boche subprefect, “that you will take away with you a pleasant memory of your visit to the Bridge of Kehl.”

“Thank you,” was the Tiger’s cunning response, “I will do all that is necessary for that.”

That was the good Clémenceau, the Clémenceau who strikes down his adversary, when he is face to face with him, with his claws or his teeth.

However, the visit ran through its course. A few minutes later the party inspected the mechanical installations of the port of Kehl, magnificent and tremendous installations, with their enormous docks, their perfected railway system and evidences throughout of that mechanical precision in which Germany’s strength lies. The Boches no longer accom-

panied M. Clémenceau. But M. Deteuf was there, a young French engineer of great talent and indisputable scientific attainment. He explained in brief, lucid, striking phrases the marvelous manner in which the port functioned; he gave statistics as to the amount of tonnage it handled and he showed how Strasbourg could rival Kehl as a port if similar work were properly carried out there. He indicated in a general way what was being done. The future commercial life of Alsace was being opened up before us, before our eyes was being shown the entire transformation of Eastern France. But M. Clémenceau's pale face only evidenced the most frightful boredom and his black eyes remained fixed on an immense heap of coal. Brusquely he interrupted the discussion.

"Well, Claveille," he shouted, "there is coal for Paris!"

"Nonsense," replied M. Claveille who was at that time Minister of Transportation, "that stuff is no good."

"Be careful! I am going to telegraph Paris

‘Coal seen at Kehl but Claveille refuses to transport it.’ ”

That was the bad Clémenceau, who drowsed at the Peace Conference, waking up only to gore his own ministers—the Tiger asleep.

Such is the figure of this strange man who has had the most unusual of destinies. In the course of his life he will have always been a destructive force except in one tragic hour when he saved everything. He will have played a mighty part in bringing about the greatest military victory of all times, and he will have brought about the greatest diplomatic defeat of modern times. He will have been misunderstood frightfully and admired to the point of adulation. He will have shown a certain amount of force and frightful amount of weakness. He might have been the Lion of France but he will have been France’s Tiger.

“Clémenceau is a mixture of Victor Hugo and of Robespierre.” In those words Marshal Foch characterized M. Clémenceau. You are right, monsieur le Maréchal. But, alas, the stronger element is Robespierre!

CHAPTER XII

ALEXANDRE MILLERAND—PRESIDENT OF FRANCE

On the 17th of January, 1920, the pale winter sunlight gleamed faintly down on Versailles as a man, escorted by a guard of honor, came out of the palace. His face was already creased with sharp lines fatigue had etched in, and when the bystanders saw him pass by in his closed limousine, surrounded by the protecting, disturbed care of his wife and children, there was a feeling in the air that his tenure of office would be ephemeral. And there was something of sadness in the misty atmosphere as the shouts of the crowd rang out, "Long live Deschanel!"

One afternoon seven months later, the 23rd of September, 1920, to be exact, on the stroke of 5 o'clock another man stepped out of the im-

mense gate of the same palace at Versailles into the mistiness of an autumn day. Although the hair that stood up straight on this man's strong head was white, his general appearance was so robust, the glance of his eyes so clear, and the arm so strong that removed his hat in acknowledgment of the applause he received that, in spite of the sadness of dead leaves which were falling from the great trees, when the crowd saw this living, splendid symbol of the strength of France pass by, it burst into applause mighty in its tenderness and trust when it cried, "Long live Millerand!"

Work, good will, honesty, and energy, the things that have made France what she has been in the past and which will make her what she will be in the future are incarnate in M. Alexandre Millerand. He sprang from the same stock as those vigorous oaks in the park at Versailles whose leaves were falling as he came out of the door of the palace. The same splendid seed is in them and in him. No evil tempest can bend him down. His grasp on the soil of his native land comes from deep inde-

structible roots. He will stand firm against storm and tempest, he will raise himself against mad cyclones and he will not bend in deceptive breezes. He will inspire courage in the tender trees which might be tempted to bend. In that garden of an ordered existence,¹ the only garden whose beauty France always appreciates, Alexandre Millerand stands for force and permanency.

As is usual when a President of France is elected, every one from every station in life had flocked to Versailles on that twenty-third day of September, 1920. For the past eleven hours an army of automobiles had transported an army of spectators to the town of the "Sun King." According to tradition this army had

¹ The devotion of the French people to the spirit of order was voiced admirably in an interview given out by M. Georges Leygues, whom M. Millerand, on his elevation to the Presidency, appointed to succeed him as Prime Minister.

"Despite the terrible losses in man power and materials to which France has submitted, she has not had since the war one hour of discouragement, not one hour of trouble or violence. She is invincibly devoted to order. You see her calm, resolute and ardent, engaged in fruitful labor in peace as you have seen her calm and resolute in war. You know the burden of the French taxpayers has been increased in recent months to enormous proportions. But our taxpayers accept the crushing burdens as a necessary sacrifice."

poured into the "Restaurant des Reservoirs" to see everything and to be seen.

At the Reservoirs the menu was the same as it had been last January, which was the same one there had been in 1913, and that was the same as in 1906. Only the prices had changed, and it was quite just that they should be higher. The same people were there for lunch. One could see the little salon M. Millerand had occupied at the time of the last election which, this time, was reserved for the Ambassador of the United States. The crowd had penetrated even into the office, and a minister was standing near the kitchen. But no one paid any attention to that. It is astonishing how little ministers amount to under such circumstances.

By one o'clock every one was in the Hall of the National Assembly, or in the corridors, or in the court near by.

There were ladies, a great many ladies. Women are superior to men in that they can enter everywhere, especially where they have no business being. And this last time that

France elected a President there were veritable battalions of women everywhere. They had taken all the boxes by storm—even those reserved for the generals. I counted seven ladies in the box reserved for the heads of the newspapers. I never would have thought that so many organs of the public opinion of Paris were directed by women.

The nine hundred rulers France has given herself filled the half circle of their seats. They were crowded in and pressed close to one another. When one looked down from the balconies he only seemed to see little red and black spots. The red spots usually represented the senators' bald heads and the black spots the more abundant hair of the deputies. Two clocks were hung at one end of the hall facing the Assembly. It is a strange thing that these clocks never keep the same time. In January the one on the right was ahead; last September the one on the left had gained. Thus the progress of the democratic idea is strengthened!

When the hands of the clock at the left

pointed to two o'clock M. Léon Bourgeois, the President of the National Assembly, took the presiding officer's chair. In a clear, short voice he read the decrees of the Senate and of the Chamber of Deputies registering M. Paul Deschanel's resignation of the Presidency of the French Republic. In the most profound silence he also read the words of the French Constitution which direct the Legislative Bodies to meet at once in case of the resignation of the President of the Republic. M. Bourgeois added these words:

"We are going to proceed immediately to the election of a new President. The ballots will be cast on the Tribune in the order that the names of those voting are called. I am going to draw lots for the letter to indicate the name which shall be called first."

Then M. Bourgeois took a heavy dictionary from the hands of his assistant, opened it at random and read out the first letter of the page on the left. This letter was "u."

The only Deputy whose name began with "u" was M. Uhry, a socialist from the Oise

district. He ascended the tribune, deposited his ballot in the ballot box and returned to his seat. In their proper order the eight hundred and ninety-one remaining members of the National Assembly followed his example.

Often the balloting for president resembles the 'first night' of a new play in the theater, for the spectators at these scenes at Versailles usually show their feeling towards the leading actors in the national drama by applause—or the reverse—as the deputies ascend the tribune to cast their votes. But the voting was very quiet on the day of M. Millerand's election. Only General de Castelnau and M. Raymond Poincaré received applause when, in all simplicity, they fulfilled their electoral duty. The Socialists had organized a little manifestation for M. Delory, who was formerly the Mayor of Lille, for whom they had decided to cast their votes. And their little manifestation took place without arousing any great protest, for M. Delory, who was a victim of the Boche tyranny during the War, enjoyed a general sympathy. M. Raoul Peret, who had been

mentioned as a candidate for the presidency, only answered when his name was called a second time; M. Millerand did not answer at all when his name was called.

Can you imagine what M. Millerand was doing while the vote of the National Assembly was being cast, while the electors of France were naming him Chief of the State?

He was sitting quietly enough in the salon reserved for the ministers and, all alone, he was working. He had, with his usual instinctive motion, placed his watch on the table in front of him, and he sat there with paper and ink, writing with a calmness as serene as if he were in his own office.

I took the liberty of opening the door and entering the salon where M. Millerand sat. He looked up at me with the question:

"What do you want, my dear sir?" (The expression "my dear sir" is one of which M. Millerand is particularly fond.)

"I want to see the man who in a few minutes will be the head of the French nation," I replied.

"Well you are looking at him," and he smiled as he spoke these words, "he is occupied with a very ordinary job. He is writing. . . ." He paused and continued, "I am writing what I have never stopped saying since I have been Prime Minister; what I shall keep on saying as long as I am President of the Republic—we must be united. In matters of domestic policy we must be united; our dead command it. They have not fallen in order that we may continue to tear each other's throats in our quarrels. In our foreign policy we must be united; the peace of the world orders it. The Allies who have fought side by side through blood and sorrow must live side by side on terms of common affection and brotherhood. . . . In France every social concept has the right to express itself; but no social concept has the right to force itself on the rest of the nation by violence. Outside of France every country has the right to its own ideas, preferences and ambitions; but no country has the right to impose its wishes on the world by force. Freedom in national and international laws must

be our aim and our guiding principle. That is what I am writing. And now, my dear sir, you must leave me. I have to work!"

"I have to work." That is generally a banal expression, but at that hour and at that moment it had a certain calm, imperious beauty.

And as a matter of fact M. Millerand worked in that room with its yellow hangings until the time when the door opened because they were coming to tell him the voting was over. He worked until the first sounds of the cannon shots announced that the President of the Republic had been elected.

There is no need of describing the counting of the vote for president. It was free from all excitement. As soon as the ballot boxes were opened and the votes began to be counted, those bearing Millerand's name were numerous and close together as they fell on the tellers' tables. His vote was a heavy, mighty avalanche. The actual counting was one of the most rapid that has ever been known; it did not take fifteen minutes. At precisely a quarter before five the

figures were added up and, as if some one had ignited a train of powder, the news ran through the corridors, through the entire city, and throughout France: "M. Millerand has been elected by 695 out of a total of 892 votes."

By this time members of the Assembly had already returned to the Hall. M. Léon Bourgeois was presiding again. The eyes of all those present were fixed on the fourth box on the left, where a man with thick white hair, that will not stay parted, who wore a plain black coat was seated—M. Alexandre Millerand. The glad news of his election had already reached him. M. Bourgeois announced:

"This is the result of the balloting in the election of the President of the Republic:

Number of possible votes . 892

Those not voting 106

Votes cast 786

Absolute majority . . . 394

M. Millerand has obtained 695 votes"

A prolonged, warm, unanimous burst of applause interrupted the words of the President of the Assembly. This applause reëchoed un-

der the walls of the old palace. It died down, began again and continued. Only after the expiration of several minutes could M. Bourgeois continue:

M. Delory 69 votes

Scattering 22 votes

The Socialists applauded the name of their candidate. But the Hall was emptying in great confusion. One might have thought that an invisible bellows was blowing every man from the room. Like one man the spectators hastened toward the room at the extreme west of the building where the inauguration of the new President was to take place.

This ceremony is always inspiring. I have seen it four times and each time I appreciate more the simplicity and lack of ostentation that are its characteristics. Under this same glow of electric light gleaming dully on the red hangings I have seen the inauguration of that worthy, honest magistrate, M. Fallières; that eloquent and patriotic chief of the state, M. Raymond Poincaré; that president whose charming and attractive face was too soon

stamped and marked by the shadows of suffering, M. Paul Deschanel; and, last, M. Alexandre Millerand.

M. Millerand was very calm and he stood very straight in the midst of the circle formed by the representatives of the nation. There was no expression in his face, but the men who knew him well considered neither his face nor his bearing. They looked at his eyes. A mist that his spectacles scarcely concealed overshadowed his limpid glance. For M. Millerand was deeply moved.

M. Léon Bourgeois inaugurated M. Millerand as President with that linguistic dignity which is peculiar to him:

“Mr. President, for several months you have assumed the burdens of a noble and difficult task. Inside of France it was necessary to hasten in all calmness the national effort, the uniting of all France, and the relief of our dear country which had bought victory at the price of most cruel and bloody sacrifices. In our foreign policy it was necessary to assert not only by words but also by deeds our unalter-

able determination to obtain the carrying out of the terms of the treaty, and to assure a proper respect for the fundamental rights of which it assured France.

“To this twofold task you have devoted yourself with that persevering energy which is one of the essential traits of your character, and it is a striking proof of its gratitude for the services you have rendered France that the National Assembly entrusts to you to-day the supreme magistracy of the Republic.”

Now came the President's turn to speak.

M. Millerand delivered his speech in his strong, clear voice. Each word was distinct. Each word carried throughout the room. As a usual thing the first address of a new head of the Republic is heard in silence. Only at the end is there applause. But on the 23rd of September there was applause after practically every phrase, and the peroration received great acclaim:

“In conferring on me the highest honor a citizen can hope for, the vote of the Assembly

imposes on me duties whose gravity and extent I do not underestimate.

“Representing the interests of the nation in the midst of party strife, the watchful guardian of that supreme guarantee of liberty which is the separation of powers,² careful in preserving from any taint the lives of each of them, the chief magistrate of the Republic is also its first defender.

“If the incomparable services which the Republic has rendered our country for fifty years place it in fact as well as in theory outside of discussion, the experience of a half century bears with it lessons which the interests of France and of the Republic itself make necessary to have incorporated in our experience as soon as the exigencies of the time permit.

“To surmounting these difficulties should be directed the efforts of every Frenchman, fraternally united in peace as we were in war.

² The French Constitution provides that the Parlement makes the laws and the Government executes them. The Government makes appointments, negotiates treaties, etc. The President of the Republic is the arbiter between the two powers, and he must see to it that the Parlement does not infringe on the Government's prerogatives.

GREAT MEN *and* GREAT DAYS

"Victorious France should repair her ruins, bind up her wounds, make herself anew. And, to attain this end, France should accomplish the acquittal of the just obligations contracted towards her.³

"On the Treaty of Versailles as a foundation a new order has arisen. French Democracy, in accord with its Allies, will know how to watch over the maintenance and development of this new order.

"If there is one particularly strict duty for the President of the Republic, working with the ministers, who are the defenders of

³ In accordance with this is the statement of General Georges Robert Nivelle, made during his visit to America:

"I would like to give you information which I have received recently from M. Millerand, former Premier and now President of the Republic of France. France was the greatest sufferer from the war. The richest territory in France was devastated. This territory had 4,467,000 inhabitants, or 10 per cent. of the total population of France; its output of coal amounted to 74 per cent. of the total output of France; its output of iron amounted to 92 per cent. of the total output of France, and of textile products to 60 per cent. of the whole.

"This territory has been devastated, and it has been a tremendous loss to the republic. We will restore these wastes; already we have achieved much. France is doing her duty in peace as well as she did it in war. France has regularly paid her debts, but has received nothing from Germany, her debtor. She has advanced more than 25,000,000,000 francs for the devastated areas, about 5,000,000,000 francs for the maintenance of the army of occupation, over 4,000,000,000 francs annually for pensions and 250,000,000 francs monthly for her coal supply."

the government's policy with the Legislative Bodies and the interpreters to the President of the will of these Legislative Bodies, it is that of providing a continuity in our foreign policy worthy of our victory and of our dead.

"The citizen of the Republic whom the National Assembly has just elected will bring all his strength, intelligence and energy to proving himself worthy of the height of the confidence the representatives of the people have in him."

When M. Millerand said, "French Democracy, in accord with its Allies, will know how to watch over the maintenance and development of this order . . ." he spoke with even greater energy than usual, seeming to scan every syllable he uttered. And when at the end of his address, he said, "The citizen of the Republic whom the National Assembly has just elected will bring all his strength, intelligence and energy to proving himself worthy of the height of the confidence the representatives of the people have in him," there seemed to be almost a touch of sadness in his voice when

he declared that he was a citizen of the Republic—a citizen without fear and without reproach.

I mentioned that the applause interwoven with his speech was unprecedented. The immense throng of friends, both known and unknown to him personally, who afterwards crowded about M. Millerand to express their congratulations, far exceeded the traditional numbers. During the next half hour many more people offered the new president their felicitations than the 695 deputies who voted for him. To them all M. Millerand gave his firm, cordial hand shake. When the newspaper correspondents offered their congratulations, he replied with perfect serenity, "Since the confidence of the National Assembly has called me to the Elysée, my hope is that you will know how to find your way there easily. The Elysée is the National House par excellence, and I shall take pleasure in seeing you there, for I am certain that the President of the Republic more than any other person needs to be in close, constant contact with public

opinion, of which you are the faithful interpreters."

When the reception was over M. de Fouchères, Chief of the Protocol, bowed to the President of the Republic and took his place at the head of the procession which formed and, after passing between ranks of soldiers and traversing the corridors of the palace, entered the court, where the drums beat, the bands played the "Marseillaise" and the crowd cheered the newly elected President. M. Millerand entered the automobile he usually uses, a huge blue limousine. The automobile went through the palace gate, crossed Versailles, took the Picardy Road, traversed the Park of Saint Cloud and entered the Bois de Boulogne through the Porte Dauphine. The procession halted there for a few minutes, where one of the landaulets of the Élysée, with the top down, was waiting. A squadron of cavalry was in attendance. And the crowd, the great Paris crowd, was waiting to receive with great salvos of welcoming shouts the new President of the Republic.

How can one describe the welcome this crowd gave M. Millerand?

It was an immense throng that had waited patiently for an hour in spite of the cold mist which was everywhere. Near the Etoile people were perched in the trees and clinging to the windows of the great houses. In its greeting to M. Millerand the Paris crowd put something that differed from its accustomed reception for its joy seemed, somehow, more solid than usual. It was a crowd of workers which welcomed another worker. Good citizens saluted their protector and their mainstay. Shouts of "Long live Millerand" rose in a final roar from the Champs Elysées. And perhaps it was less the man whose name their shouts carried to the skies than the spirit of order, of work and of France of which M. Millerand is the superlative representative.

As eleventh President of the French Republic, I am certain that Alexandre Millerand will never forget the welcome the people of his city of Paris gave him on the 23rd of September, 1920. Paris gave him more than its heart,

ALEXANDRE MILLERAND

which it has sometimes given to weak men. The crowd showed that it trusted M. Millerand, and the Parisian trusts only men who are strong.

(1)

THE END



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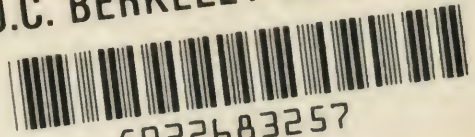
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